S. STEVEN STRUBLE + FRIENDS

THE LI'L DEPRESSED BOY™

VOLUME ZERO : LONELY HEART BLUES

REMOVE!

THE LI'L DEPRESSED BOY™

VOLUME ZERO:

"LONELY HEART BLUES"

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DEDICATED TO:

My darling wife, Jenna: Thank you for turning lead into awesome daily.

-Sh.

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THEN: THE EARLY YEARS

Thank you for picking up the Li'l Depressed Boy, Volume Zero: Lonely Heart Blues. This book is the culmination of the hard work of over a dozen collaborators, over a period of 13 years. We appreciate you for picking us up and spending your time with us.

What you now hold in your hands is the story before the story. It's what actor and master-storyteller Stephen Tobolowsky would call "the moment before zero."* Sometimes, the beginning of the story isn't so apparent. We've got to start telling it to find it.

The Li'l Depressed Boy started his life in my middle school years. I drew an image of a ghostly looking rag doll on the back of a math test. The character had big eyes, mitten hands, and had his mouth stitched shut. I named him the Li'l Depressed Boy; after a childhood nickname my brother used to taunt me with.

I may not have gotten a better grade on the test for it, but LDB stuck with me.

As time went by, I doodled him everywhere: Notebooks, homework, more tests, other people's walls. Eventually, I decided I wanted to use this character to tell stories. Then in 1998, I gave him a newspaper-style three-panel webcomic before I was even aware what a webcomic was.

It lasted a week.

The next time I saw LDB, I was publishing a small press comic book anthology called A United Front. In this incarnation, LDB would appear in longer-form strips that were a mix of narrative and my poetry. Finally taking into account that I really couldn't draw, these new stories featured different artists drawing LDB each issue.

Years went by. A United Front went bust and ceased publication. LDB persisted.

I brought LDB back to his original home, the web. I kept the style used in the anthology and continued the story from there. The artists continued to rotate from page to page. I called in a lot of favors and got my favorite artists to draw a page or two. We told the story through disconnected moments and brought the story to color for the first time.

One color. Blue.

These are those stories. Remastered for print. They tell the story of a young man feeling out of place in a new town -- searching for love, meaning and belonging. They're a little rough around the edges, but I'm incredibly proud of them. These are my first steps as a storyteller.

– S. Steven Struble, 2011

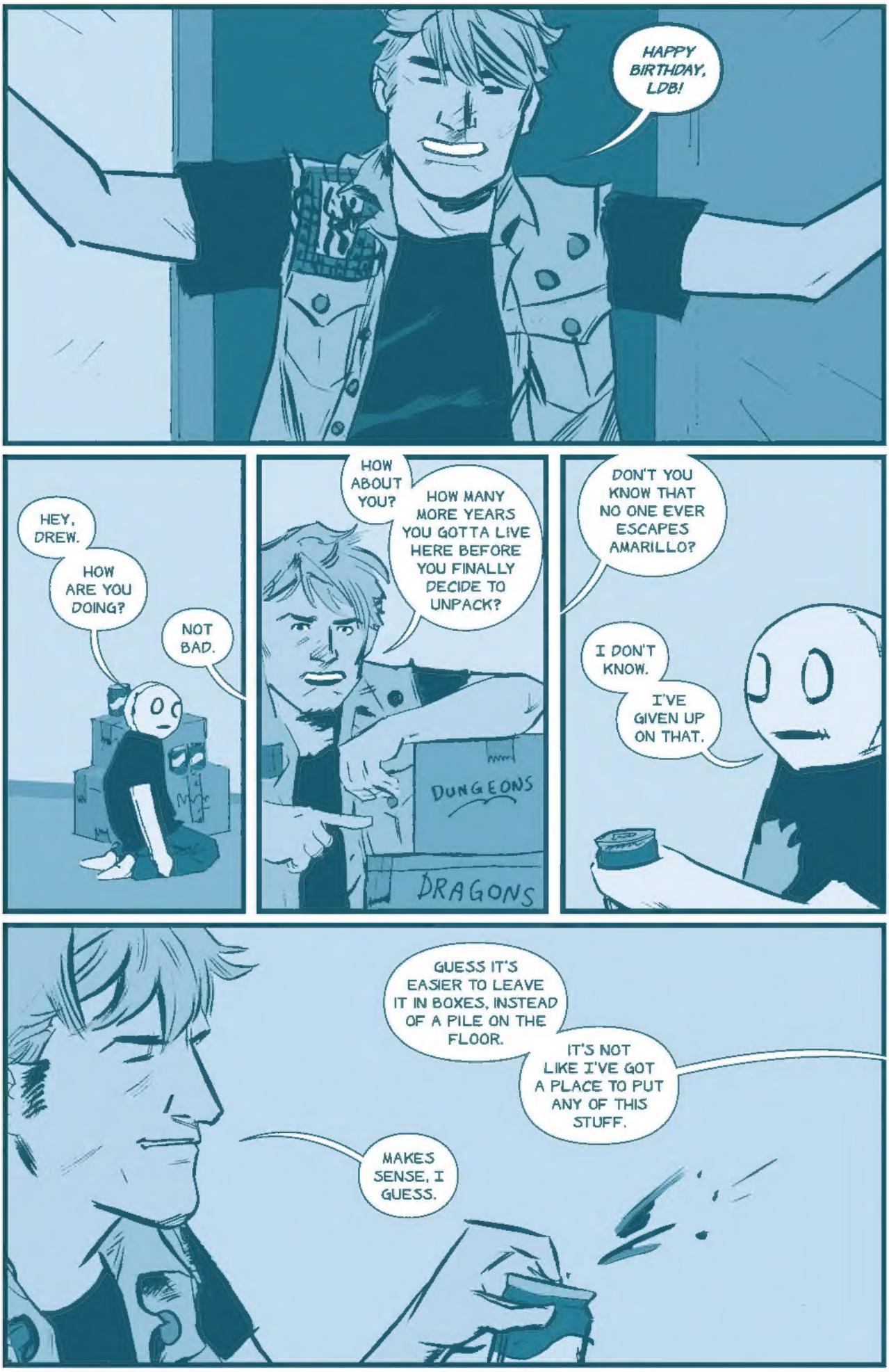
* See episode 42 of the Tobolowsky Files, "The Moment Before Zero" at http://thetobolowskyfiles.com. And while you're at it – do yourself a favor and listen to every other episode and subscribe to it in iTunes. It's amazing. You'll thank me later.

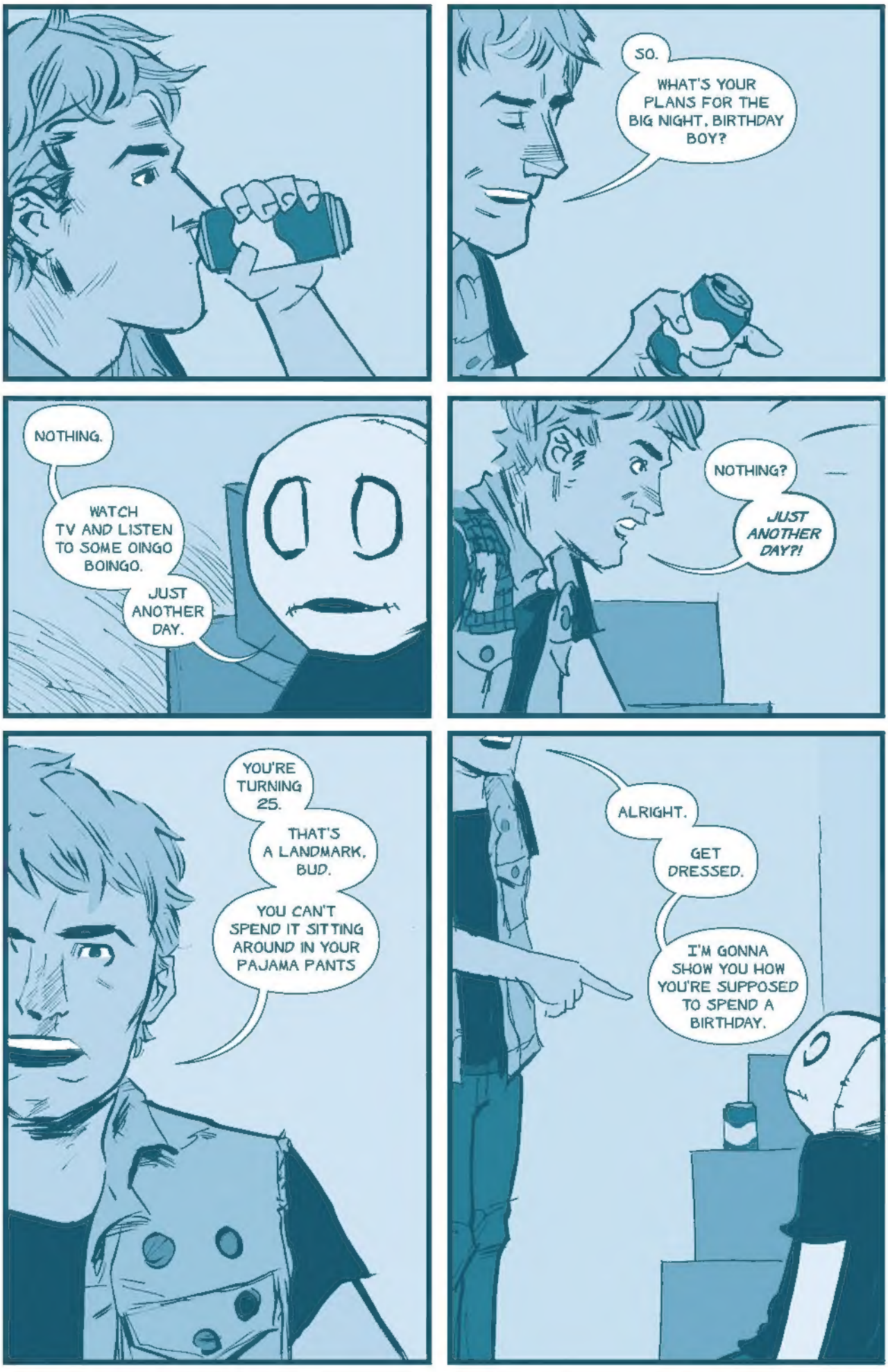
ART BY ED TADEU, 2005

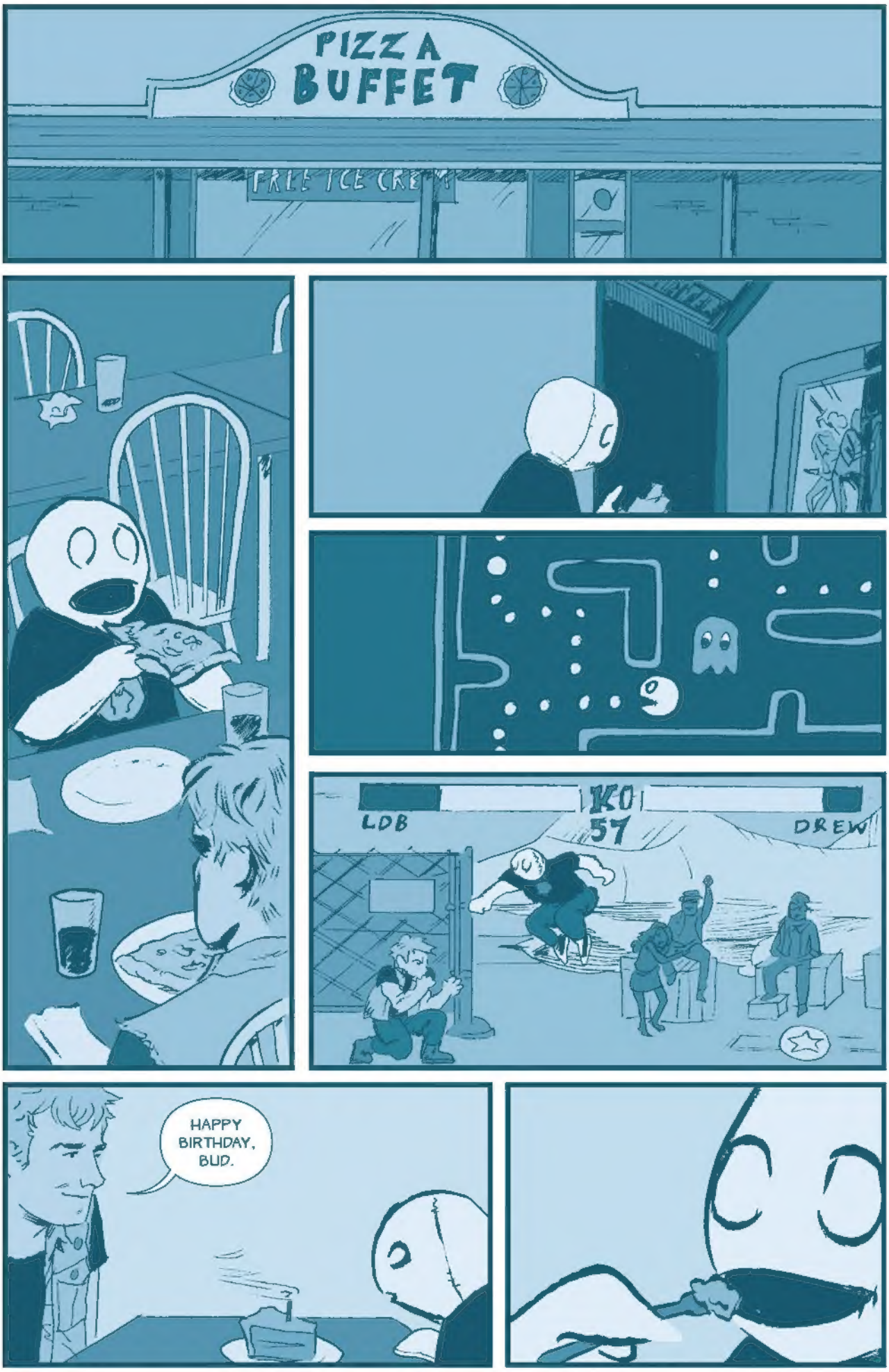
"MY LIFE IS STARTING OVER AGAIN"

KNOCK KNOCK

ART BY SINA GRACE 2011.


HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LDB!
HEY, DREW.
HOW ARE YOU DOING?
NOT BAD.
HOW ABOUT YOU?
HOW MANY MORE YEARS YOU GOTTA LIVE HERE BEFORE YOU FINALLY DECIDE TO UNPACK?
DUNGEONS
DRAGONS
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT NO ONE EVER ESCAPES AMARILLO?
I DON'T KNOW.
I'VE GIVEN UP ON THAT.
GUESS IT'S EASIER TO LEAVE IT IN BOXES, INSTEAD OF A PILE ON THE FLOOR.
IT'S NOT LIKE I'VE GOT A PLACE TO PUT ANY OF THIS STUFF.
MAKES SENSE, I GUESS.

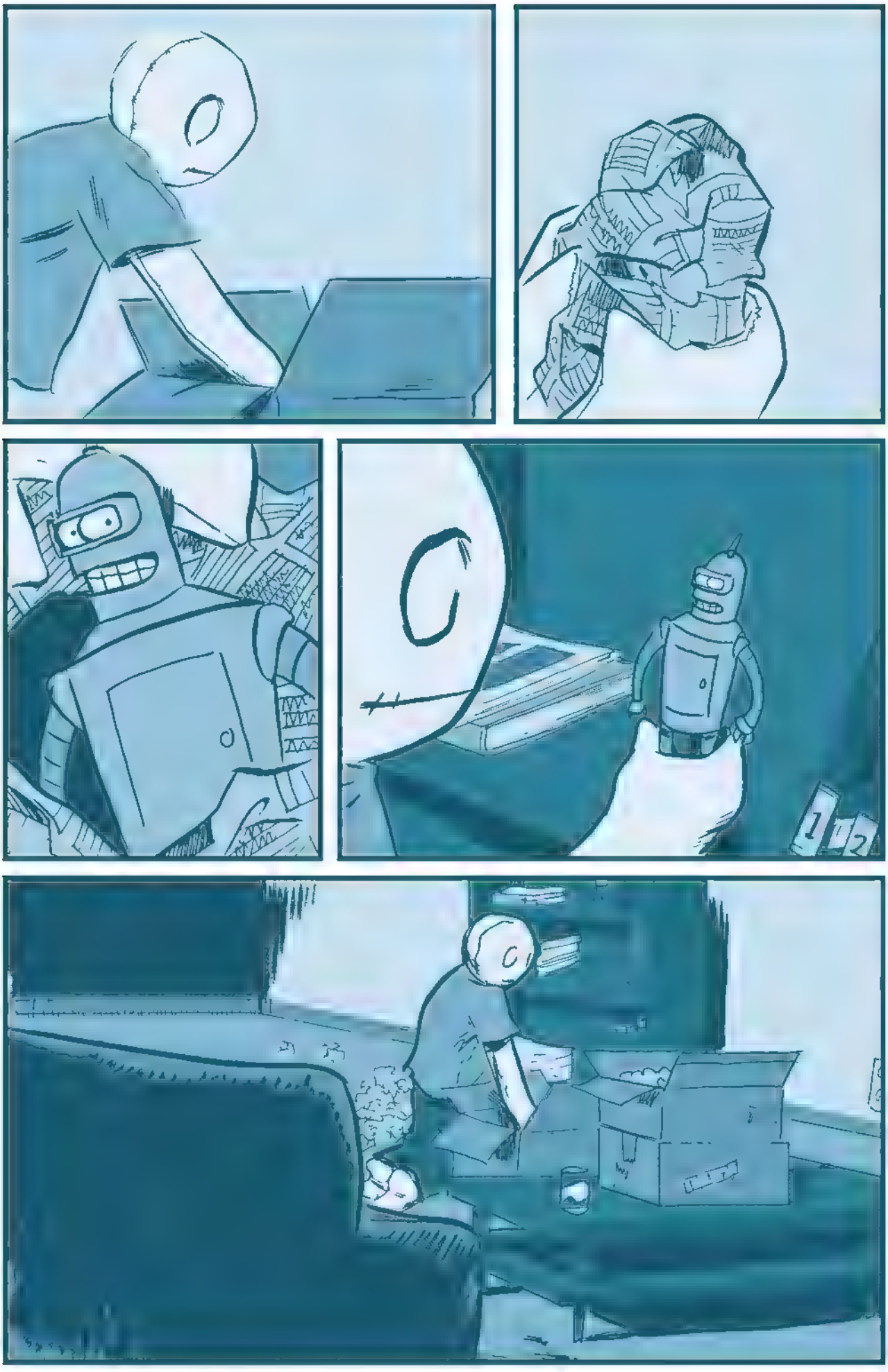

SO.
WHAT'S YOUR PLANS FOR THE BIG NIGHT, BIRTHDAY BOY?
NOTHING.
WATCH TV AND LISTEN TO SOME OINGO BOINGO.
JUST ANOTHER DAY.
NOTHING?
JUST ANOTHER DAY?!
YOU'RE TURNING 25.
THAT'S A LANDMARK, BUD.
YOU CAN'T SPEND IT SITTING AROUND IN YOUR PAJAMA PANTS
ALRIGHT.
GET DRESSED.
I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SPEND A BIRTHDAY.


PIZZA BUFFET
FREE ICE CRE
LDB
KO
57
DREW
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BUD.

YARD
STUFF
YARD SALE!
FURNITURE!
TOYS!
STUFF!!
1927 CLARISSA AVE
ALL DAY!!!

HURM.
ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?
UH
YEAH...

NNG!
SIGH
HURM .



LAST RIDE CUT
FULL BLOWN KIRK
JJ REAL SLOW
VOODOO ORGANIST
ART BY ED TADEO 2008

I KNOW THAT I'LL NEVER EVEN KNOW HER NAME.
BUT I WILL STILL WRITE MY LOVE SONGS.

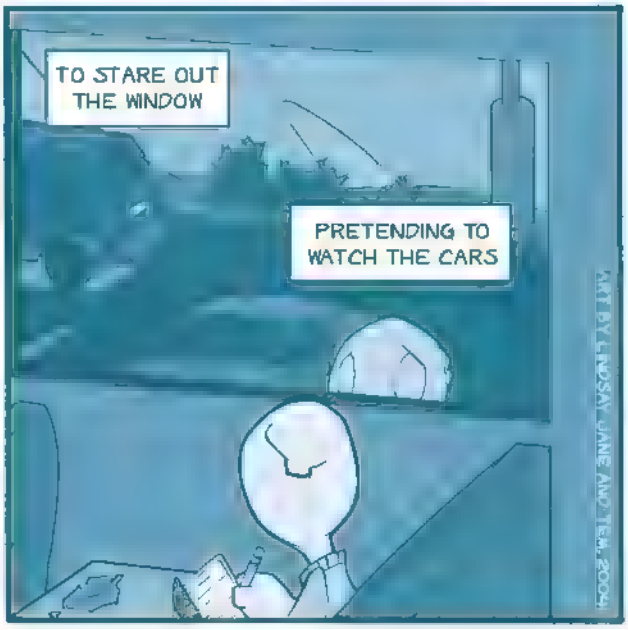
WELCOME TO BANDIT RECORDS, LET ME KNOW IF YOU NEED ANY HELP.
TEEN HEAVEN
LPS
USED
SALE ON ALL STICKERS PATCHES INCENSE HAIR DYES BODY JEWELRY
ART BY JOSE GARIBALDI 2003

READY TO CHECK OUT?
YEAH.
WOW! WE HAD THIS?
YEAH, IT WAS MIXED IN WITH SOME COUNTRY RECORDS
SORRY, ABOUT THAT.
NO ONE BUYS VINYL IN THIS TOWN, SO WE DON'T BOTHER TO SORT THEM.
I LOVE THIS MOVIE, THOUGH.
IF I KNEW WE HAD THIS, I'D HAVE BOUGHT IT, MYSELF.
SORRY.
IT'S COOL
THAT'LL BE $6849
OPEN
NEW

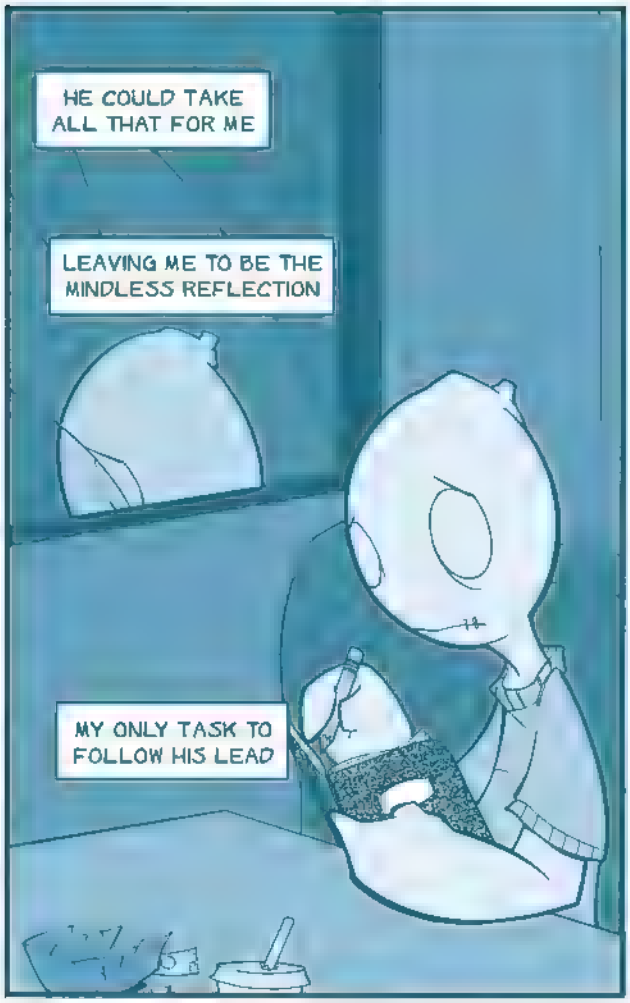
YUM! BURGER
OPEN 24 HOURS

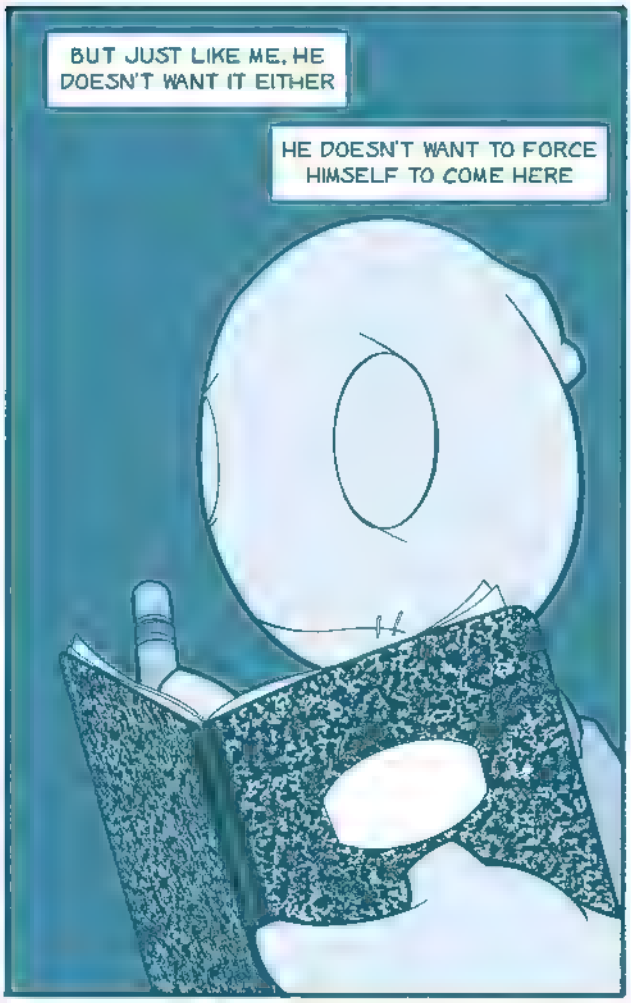
I LOOK UP FROM WHAT I AM WRITING TO CATCH GLIMPSES OF HER

SHOULD I ACCIDENTALLY CATCH HER EYES
I TURN AWAY


TO STARE OUT THE WINDOW
PRETENDING TO WATCH THE CARS
ART BY LINDSAY JANE AND TEAM 2004

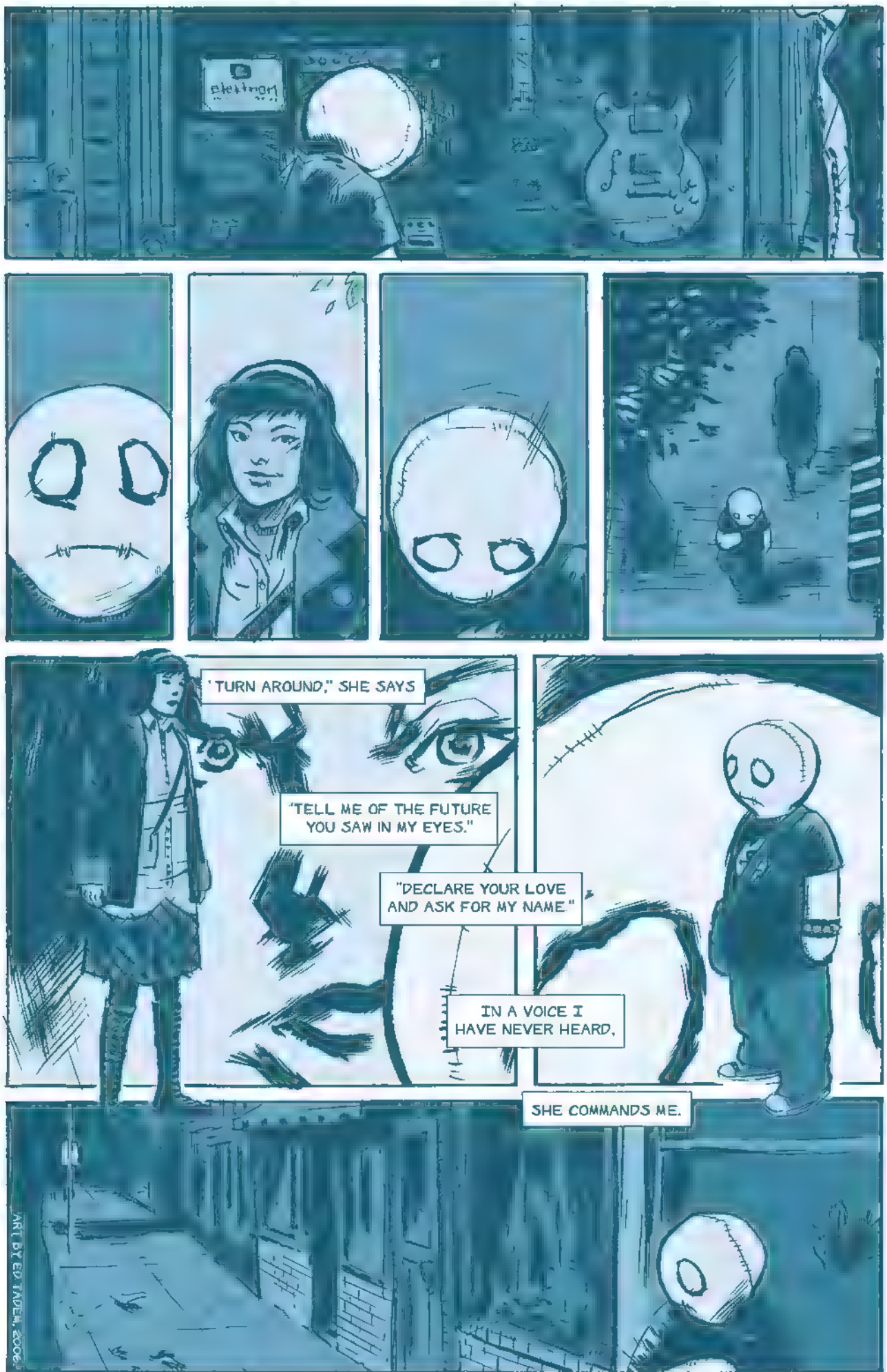
REALLY, I AM WATCHING HER IN THE REFLECTION
WISHING THE ME ON THE OTHER SIDE WOULD WALK OVER
AND ASK
TAKING THE LEAD FOR ME
TAKING THE FIRST STEP
BECAUSE WHAT HAPPENS ON THAT SIDE
WILL HAPPEN ON THIS ONE
THEN, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO HAVE THE NERVE
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO HAVE THIS FEAR
THIS HEARTACHE
THIS PAIN


HE COULD TAKE ALL THAT FOR ME
LEAVING ME TO BE THE MINDLESS REFLECTION
MY ONLY TASK TO FOLLOW HIS LEAD

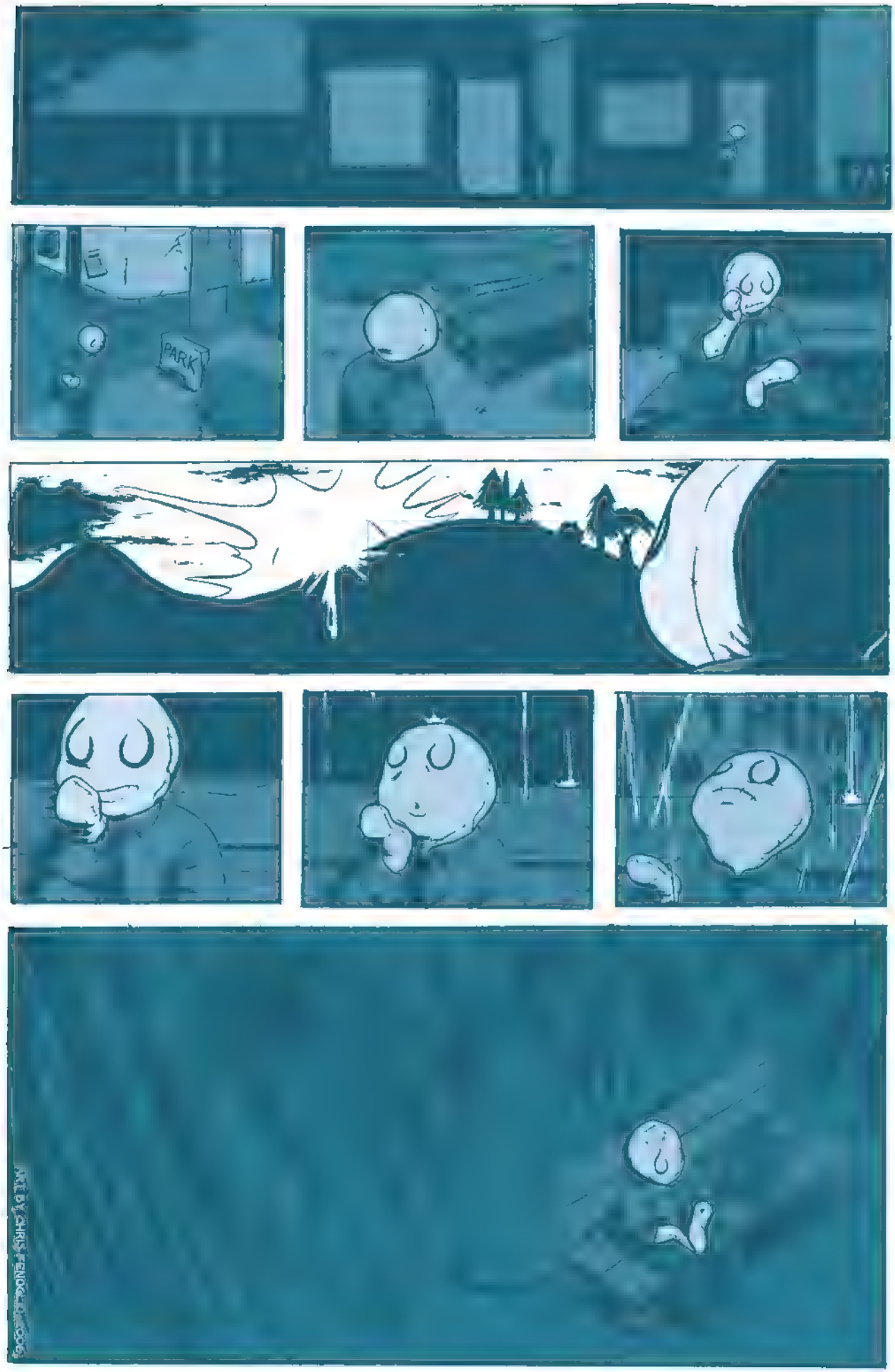

BUT JUST LIKE ME, HE DOESN'T WANT IT EITHER
HE DOESN'T WANT TO FORCE HIMSELF TO COME HERE

TO PRETEND THIS TIME HE WILL ASK
TORTURING HIMSELF

INSTEAD HE FOLLOWS ME HERE
HIS FACE REFLECTS THE SAME FEAR IN MY OWN


'TURN AROUND," SHE SAYS
"TELL ME OF THE FUTURE YOU SAW IN MY EYES."
"DECLARE YOUR LOVE AND ASK FOR MY NAME."
IN A VOICE I HAVE NEVER HEARD,
SHE COMMANDS ME.
ART BY ED TADEM, 2006

CLIK
DAVE WILLIAMS
SLEEPING ALONE
I'VE WORN A GROOVE ACROSS MY BED
LAYING DIAGONALLY
BECAUSE THE WHOLE BED IS MINE
TONIGHT, I LAY ON ONE SIDE
PRETENDING I HAVE A LOVER
MISSING THE DAYS WE SHARED THIS BED
I TRY TO GET USED TO THE PEAKS & VALLEYS
OF MY MATTRESS


PARK
MILD BY CHRIS FENOGLIO 2003

GAS
GAS
GAS
WORMS
ZINE
ZINE
ZINE
ZINE
CE COLD
LEMON LIME
GRAPE
PUSH
COLA
COLA
I STOP IN TWICE A YEAR FOR SNACKS AND ORANGE JUICE. AND I'M FALLING FOR GIRLS I'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN.
ENID, OKLAHOMA
READY TO DREAM

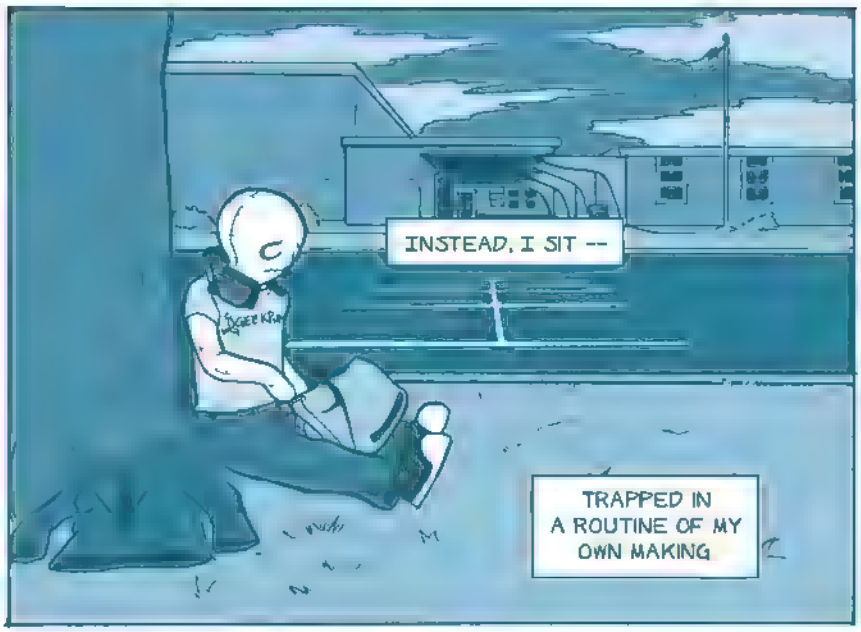
NO PROSPECTS FOR LOVE
STILL LONELY
STILL AGING
STILL WON'T LET GO OF COURTNEY,
EVEN THOUGH
SHE DIED TEN
YEARS AGO

I VISITED HER GRAVE, TODAY
-- COLD KANSAS FALL --
WITNESSED THE END OF THE WORLD
SAID MY GOODBYES WHILE WEARING
THE STREETS OF HUTCHINSON
SAID GOODBYE
TO THAT PART OF MY LIFE
-- TO HER,
THAT TOWN --
TO THE GIRLS THAT FOLLOWED HER

GIVE THEM THE POEMS THEY INSPIRED
THE SONGS I WROTE
TELL THEM HOW SAD IT IS TO LIVE THIS LIFE
TO OWN THESE MEMORIES
TO HAVE NO ONE TO LOVE
EVEN THE ABSENCE OF UNREQUITED LOVE HURTS TOO MUCH

I CAN'T TAKE THIS PAIN
PLEASE TAKE THIS HEART FROM ME.
IT IS OFFERED IN 'AS-IS' CONDITION.
BRUISED,
CRACKED,
BATTERED,
BROKEN,
SHATTERED,
COMPLETELY USELESS,
AN UTTER WASTE.

I NEED TO GET OUT
-- LEAVE
FIND A NEW LOVE
DISCOVER A NEW LIFE
CREATE A NEW BEGINNING



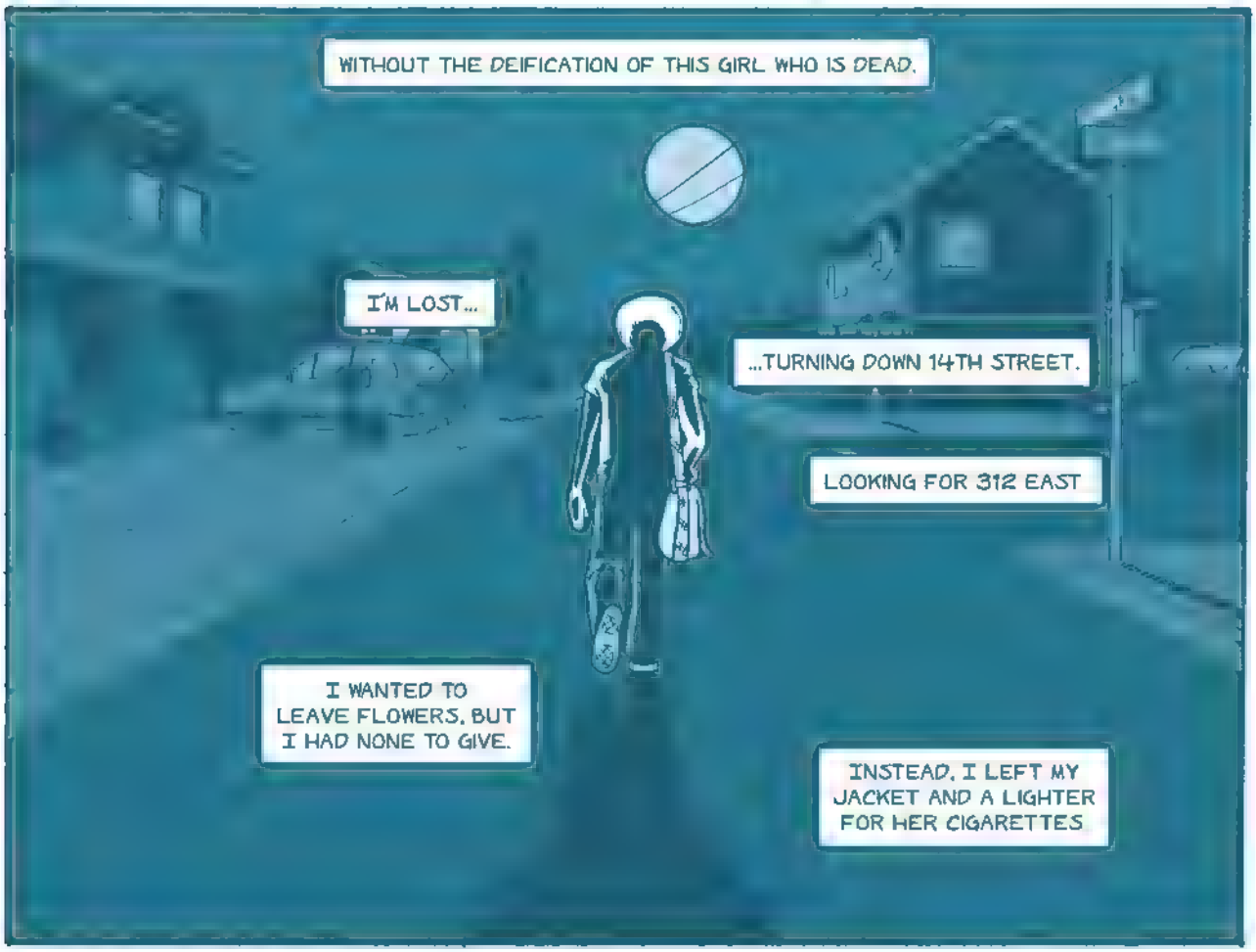
BUT I MADE THIS HELL...
...OF WANTING AND NOSTALGIA
...OF LIMERANCE AND LONGING.
...OF STAYING IN MY ROOM FOR FEAR OF HAVING TO INTERACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD
I CAN'T FIND ANY OF THOSE GIRLS.
JUST A GRAVESTONE AND MEMORIES, HOUSES PAINTED THE WRONG COLOUR, AND PEOPLE WHO KNOW ME BY ANOTHER NAME.

FIND A NEW RELIGION.

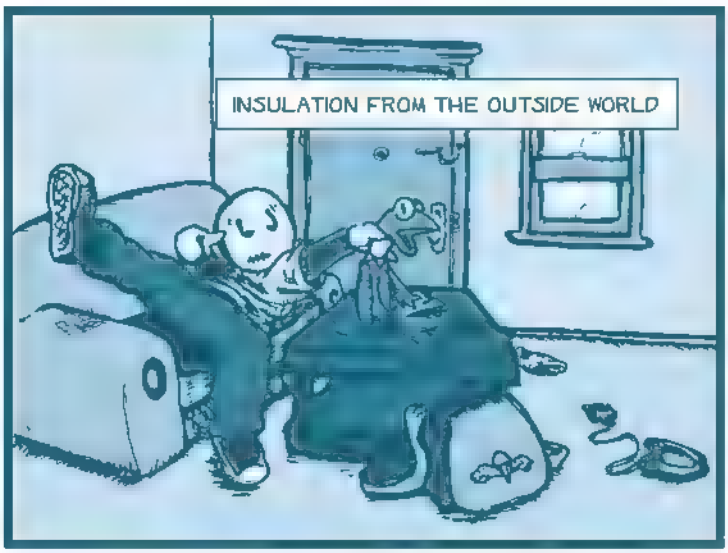
ONE THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE WORSHIPPING AT THE FEET OF WOMEN.

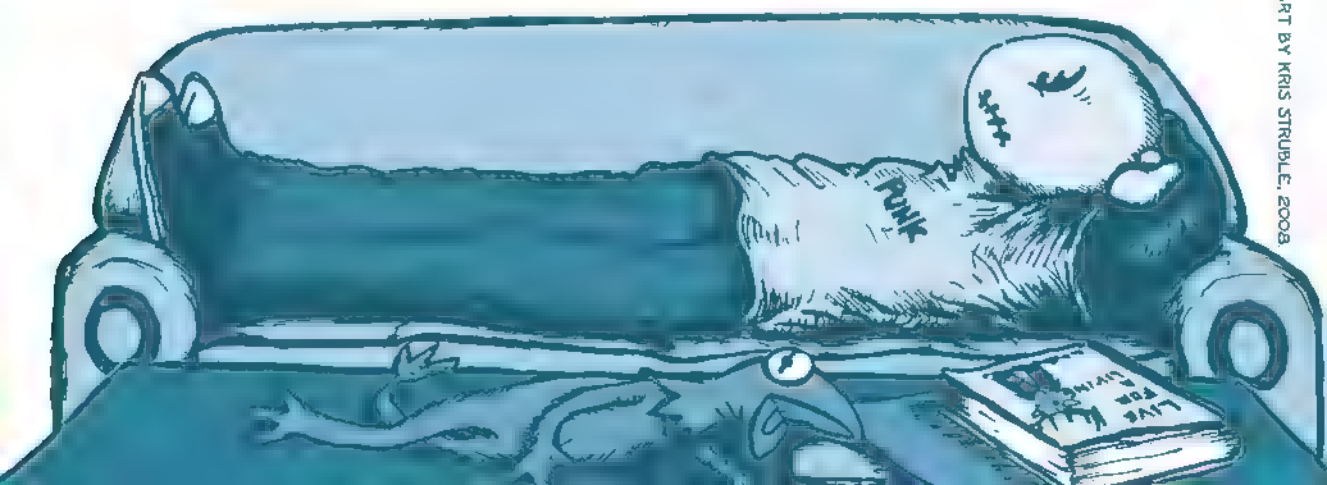
ONE WITHOUT FEAR AND PAIN.

WITHOUT BLOOD AND NAILS.


WITHOUT THE DEIFICATION OF THIS GIRL WHO IS DEAD.
I'M LOST...
...TURNING DOWN 14TH STREET.
LOOKING FOR 312 EAST
I WANTED TO LEAVE FLOWERS, BUT I HAD NONE TO GIVE.
INSTEAD, I LEFT MY JACKET AND A LIGHTER FOR HER CIGARETTES

I RETURN HOME --
WHERE I LIVE WITH KERMIT AND
COUNTLESS BOOKS AND TOYS.
EMPTY SPACES FILLED WITH COLLECTIONS,
SHELVES OF STORIES.





ART BY KRIS STRUBLE, 2003

ANOTHER NIGHT ON THE COUCH, BECAUSE I STILL FEAR MY BED.
SHE SLEEPS THERE
THE GHOST OF A LOVER I'VE NEVER HAD.
THE FEAR, EMPTINESS AND SOLITUDE OF BEING ALONE
TOPOGRAPHY OF A MOTIONLESS BED
ART BY SINA GRACE, 2008

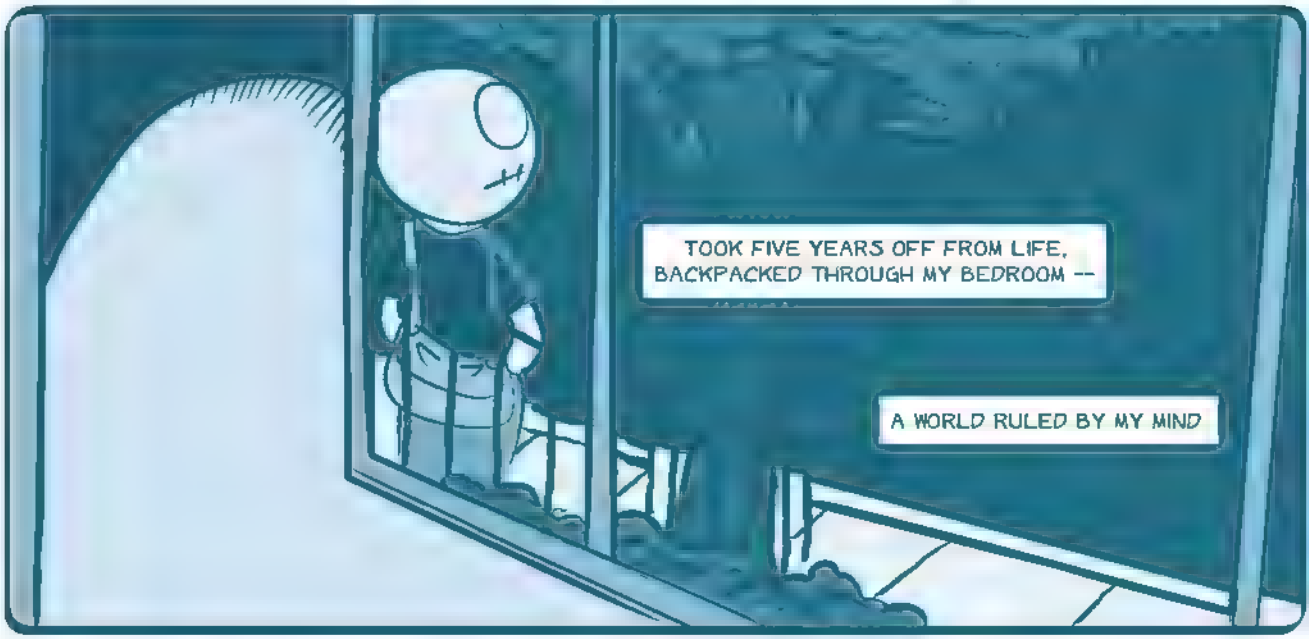
LIVE FOR A LIVING
BUDDY WAKEFIELD
I HEAR THE CRASH OF CYMBALS FROM HEADPHONES I LEFT ON THE FLOOR..
..AND I HATE THEM FOR INVADING MY WORLD

NO COMPANY
BUT THE HISS OF OLD RECORDS
AND THE JOY OF 3AM AND A FINISHED PAGE
NIGHTTIME IS EASIER LIKE THIS
THE ONLY VOICES HEARD
ARE THE ONES I CHOOSE
OLD FRIENDS AND HEROES
BACK THROUGH VIBRATIONS OF
A DIAMOND-TIPPED NEEDLE
WE RIDE OUT THE NIGHT
ON THE FLUCTUATION OF THE GROOVE
CIRCULAR
REPEATING
TURNING INWARD
SEARCHING FOR THE
MOMENT IT ALL BEGAN
BACK WHEN IT WAS
OKAY TO BE ALONE
WHEN EGGSHELL WALLS
DIDN'T FEEL LIKE PRISON BARS
WHEN THE EMPTY SPACE
IN BED FELT LIKE FREEDOM
WHEN LIFE WAS LIVED
ON WIDE-RULED PAGE
WHEN MUSIC WAS THE
MOST IMPORTANT SOUND
WHEN CLOCKS
DIDN'T MATTER
REMOVE!

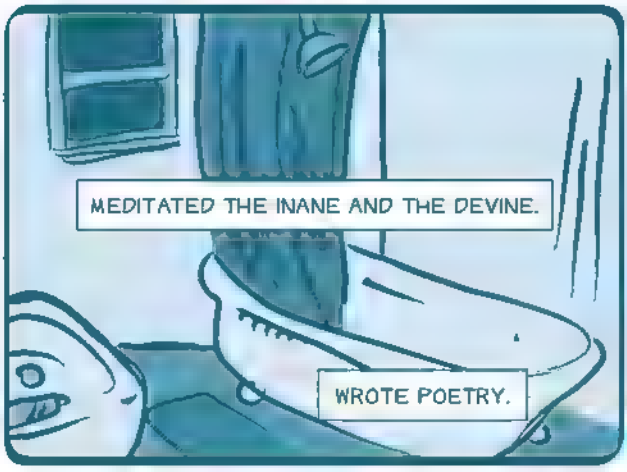
THEY SING LULLABIES TO KEEP ME AWAKE, TONIGHT
SO WHEN I GIVE IN, I CAN HIDE FROM THE SUN
NOCTURNAL
DREAMS EMITTING FROM THEIR PENS
I DANCE
VIOLENT CATHARSIS
ANYTHING ELSE WOULD BE TOO SUBTLE
WOULD BE TOO GENTLE
WOULD NOT CAUSE ME HARM
LIKE MY FRIENDS, SELF DESTRUCTION HELPS ME SURVIVE
TRADE ONE PAIN FOR ANOTHER
EXHAUSTION FOR HEARTACHE
SORE MUSCLES FOR SORROW
MY AURALTHEISTIC RELIGION
PRACTICED IN AN EMPTY APARTMENT
TO THE TUNE OF ANTI-SOCIAL
OF STORIES LEFT UNTOLD

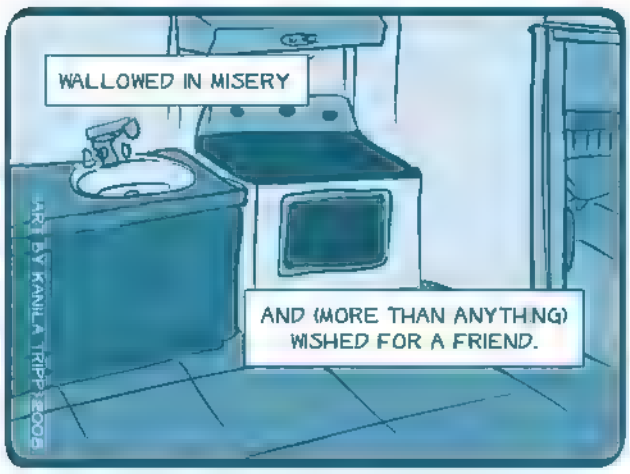
LOVE DECAYED AND DEAD,
UNTIL ALL THAT IS FELT IS THE REVERB
THE MEMORY OF
HER VOICE, HER FACE
SHAPES OF SOUNDS NO LONGER RESONANT
BUT THE SONGS ARE AS LOUD AS EVER
ONLY ONE STYLUS-DROP AWAY
MOMENTS IN TIME I WANT TO RELIVE
REPEAT
RECREATE
REMEMBER
NEVER LOSE
KEEP THESE MOMENTS SAFE,
THEY'RE ALL I HAVE
IN THE NIGHT
ALONE
COUNTING THE
MINUTES TIL DAWN
SO I CAN LAUGH AT THE SUNRISE
CURL UP ON MY COUCH AND SLEEP
NEVER FORGET
WHO YOU ARE
HOW YOU GOT THERE
AND WHOSE VOICE
IT WAS THAT LED YOU

DING!
END


TOOK FIVE YEARS OFF FROM LIFE,
BACKPACKED THROUGH MY BEDROOM --
A WORLD RULED BY MY MIND

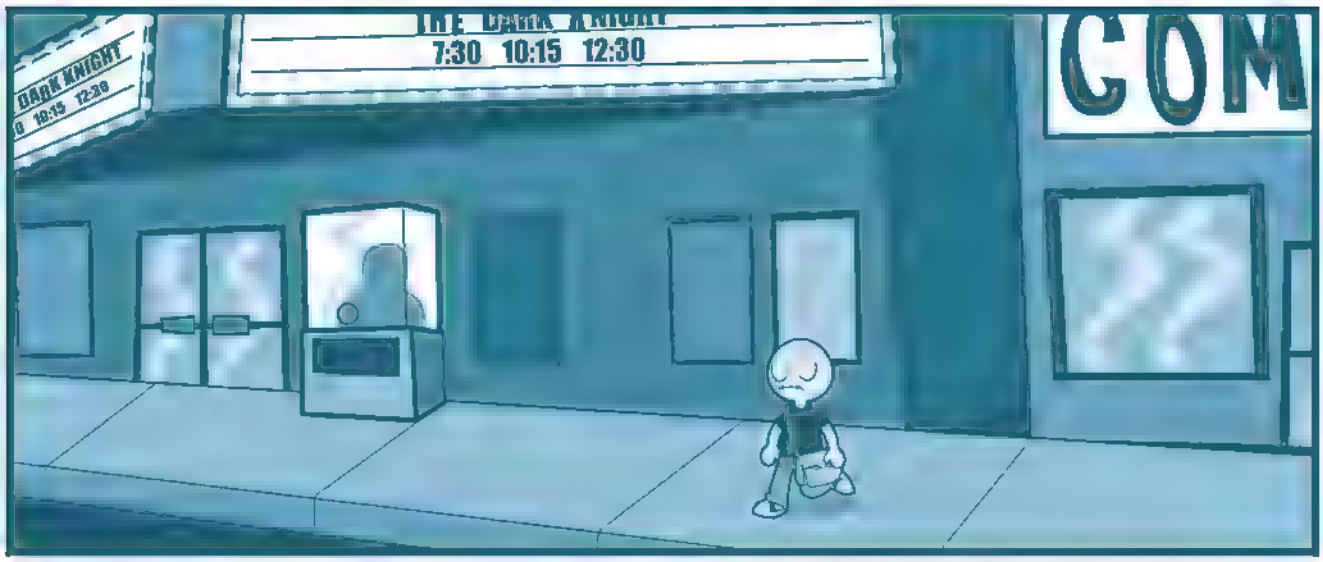
I INGESTED BOOKS
LISTENED TO MUSIC OF ALL GENRES

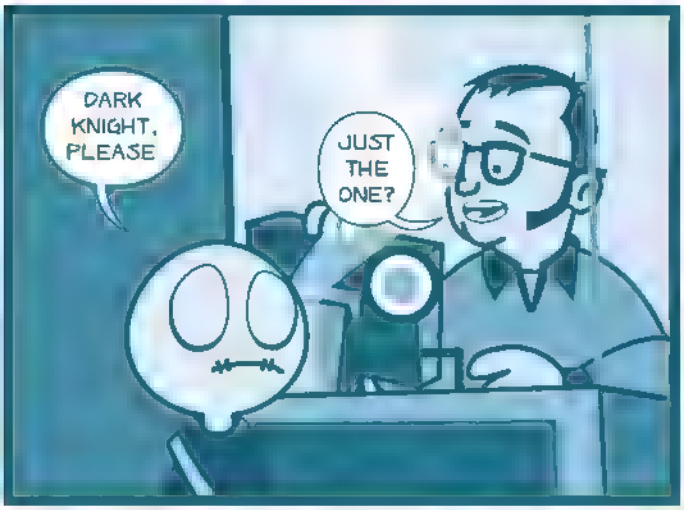

MEDITATED THE INANE AND THE DEVINE.
WROTE POETRY.


WALLOWED IN MISERY
AND (MORE THAN ANYTHING)
WISHED FOR A FRIEND.
ART BY KANILA TRIPP ©2008

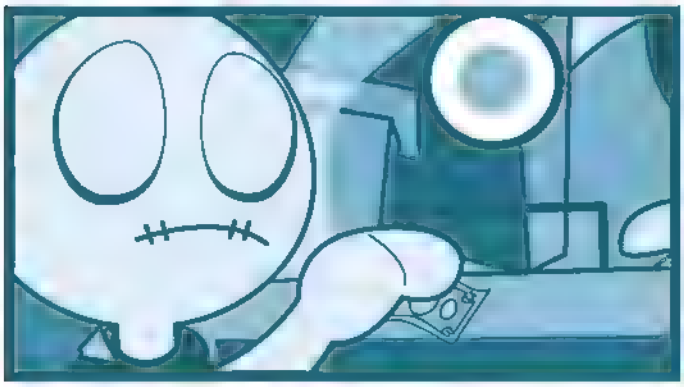
WHEN ALL THAT GREW OLD,
I LEFT THE HOUSE.

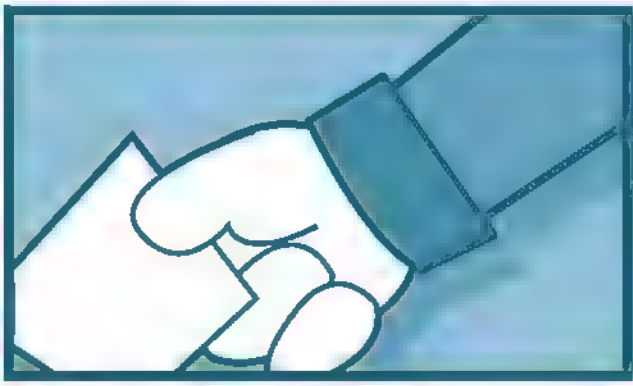
2008

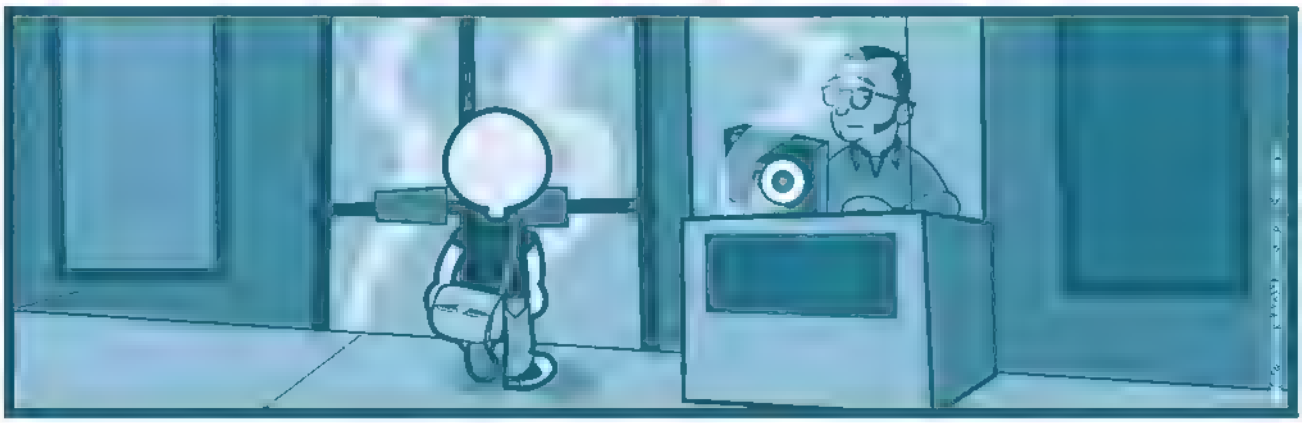

DARK KNIGHT
7:30 10:15 12:30
COM


DARK KNIGHT, PLEASE
JUST THE ONE?

YEAH
JUST ONE.

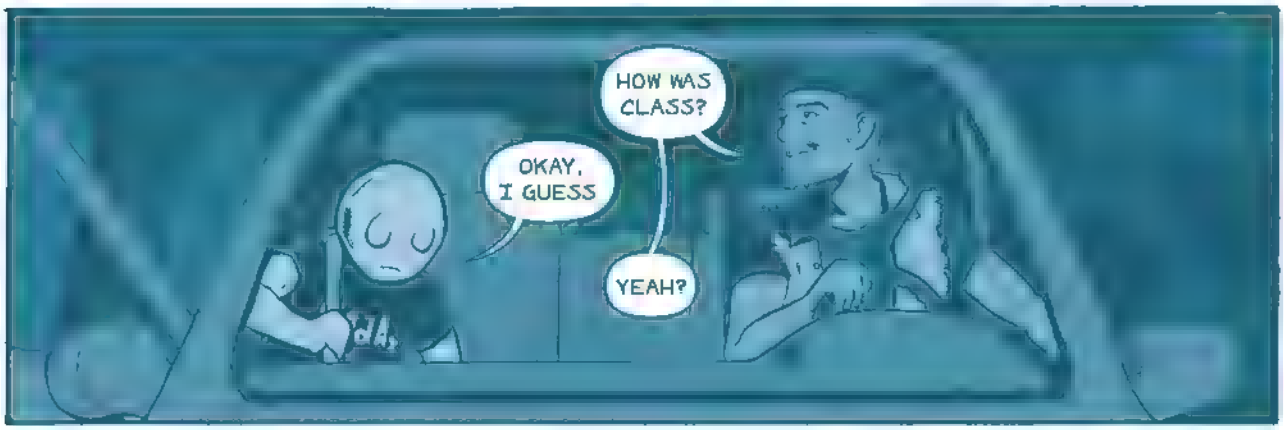


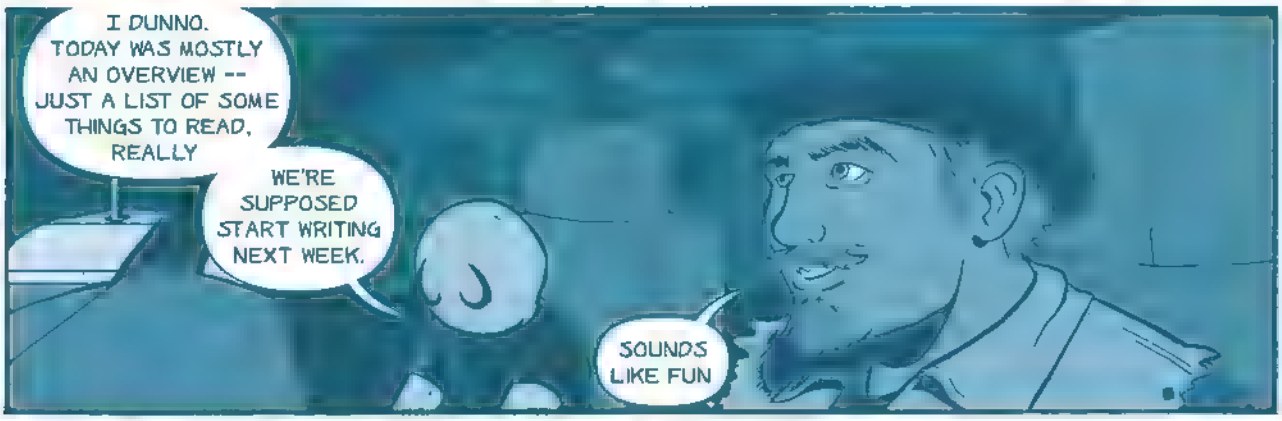


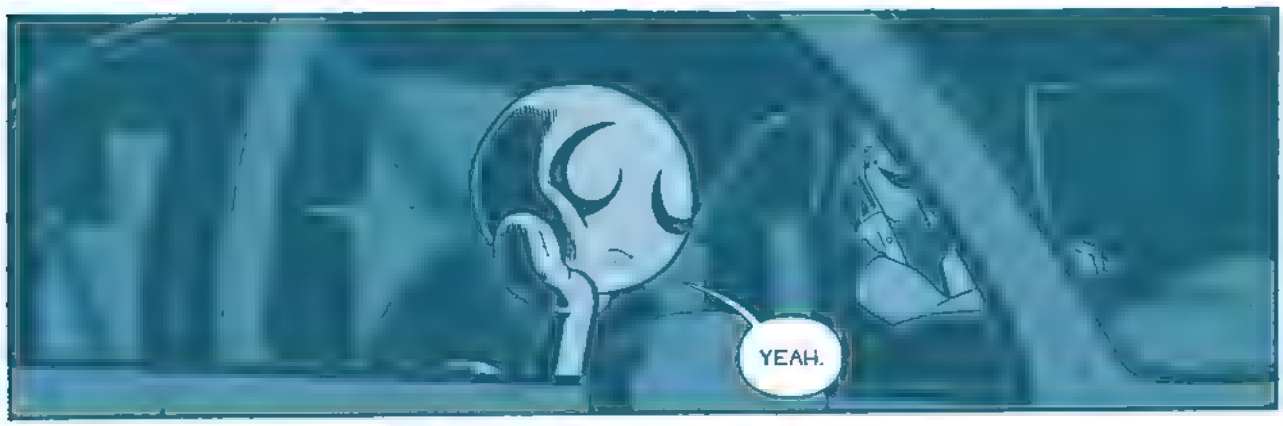


THANKS, DREW.
GIVE ME A CALL WHEN YOUR CLASS IS OVER AND I'LL GET YOU HOME, TOO

PLEASE PICK UP YOUR BOOKS FROM THE CAMPUS STORE BY NEXT WEEK!
BadAzz
MoFo
DREW? HEY.
CLASS IS OVER, COULD YOU PICK ME UP?


HOW WAS CLASS?
OKAY, I GUESS
YEAH?


I DUNNO. TODAY WAS MOSTLY AN OVERVIEW -- JUST A LIST OF SOME THINGS TO READ, REALLY
WE'RE SUPPOSED START WRITING NEXT WEEK.
SOUNDS LIKE FUN

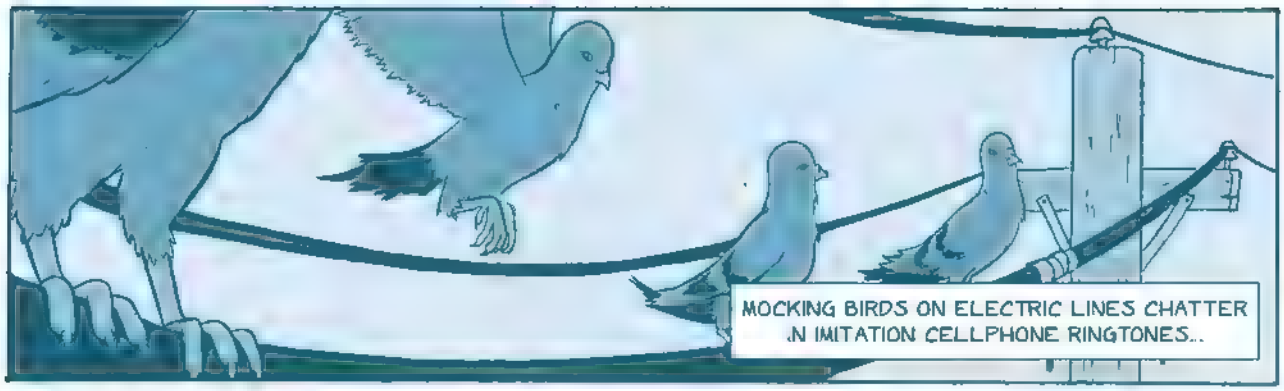

YEAH.

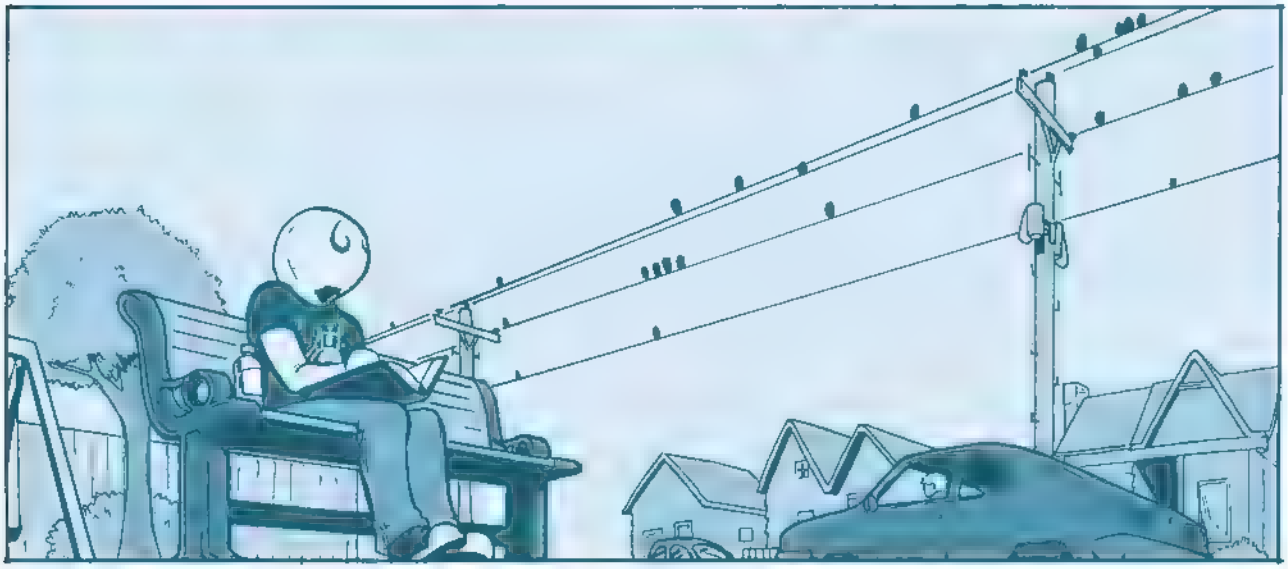
LOB
ART BY ROMAN MURADOV 2003

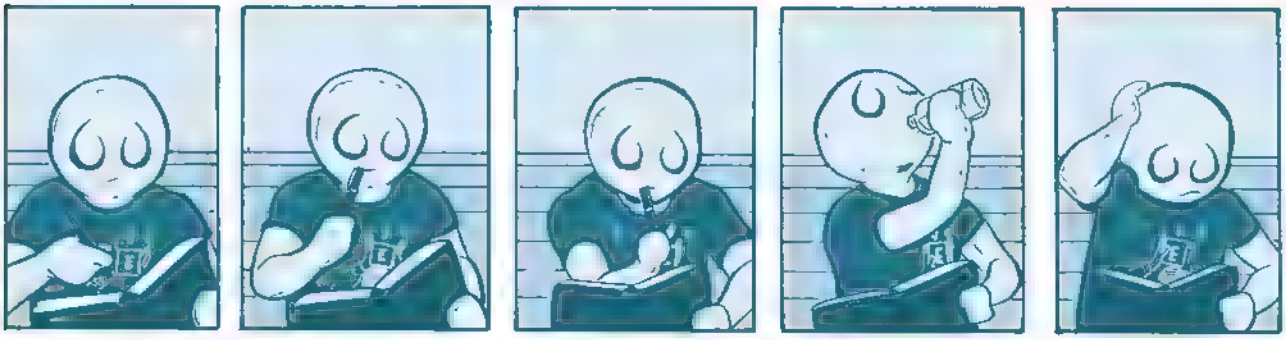
CHOP
CHOP
CHOP

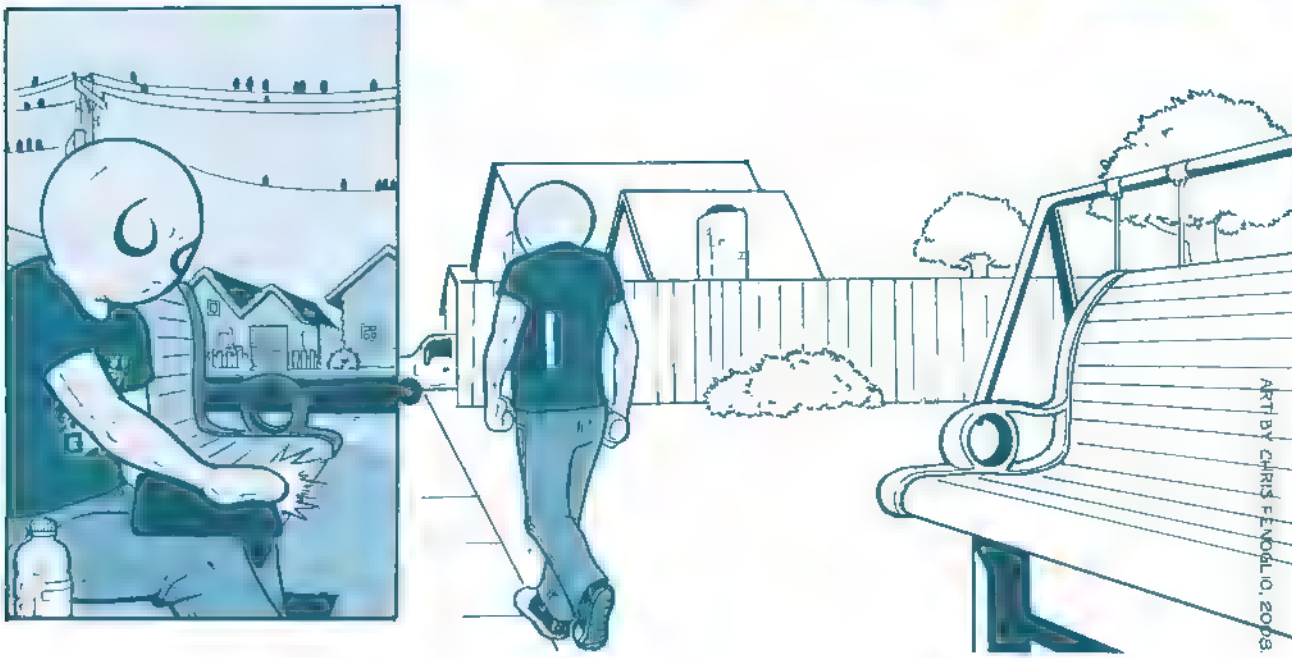
HEY, MISTER!

HUH?
CAN I HAVE SOME OF YOUR ROSES?
UH...
THEY'VE GOT A LOT OF *THORNS*...
I WANNA GIVE THEM TO MY MOM.
IT'S HER BIRTHDAY.
OH.
YEAH.
LET ME GET YOU A VASE
LDB
LDo


MOCKING BIRDS ON ELECTRIC LINES CHATTER
IN IMITATION CELLPHONE RINGTONES...






ART BY CHRIS FENOGLIO, 2003.

LDB
.DB

LDB
Amarillo, TX
LDB
Amarillo, TX
LDB
LDB

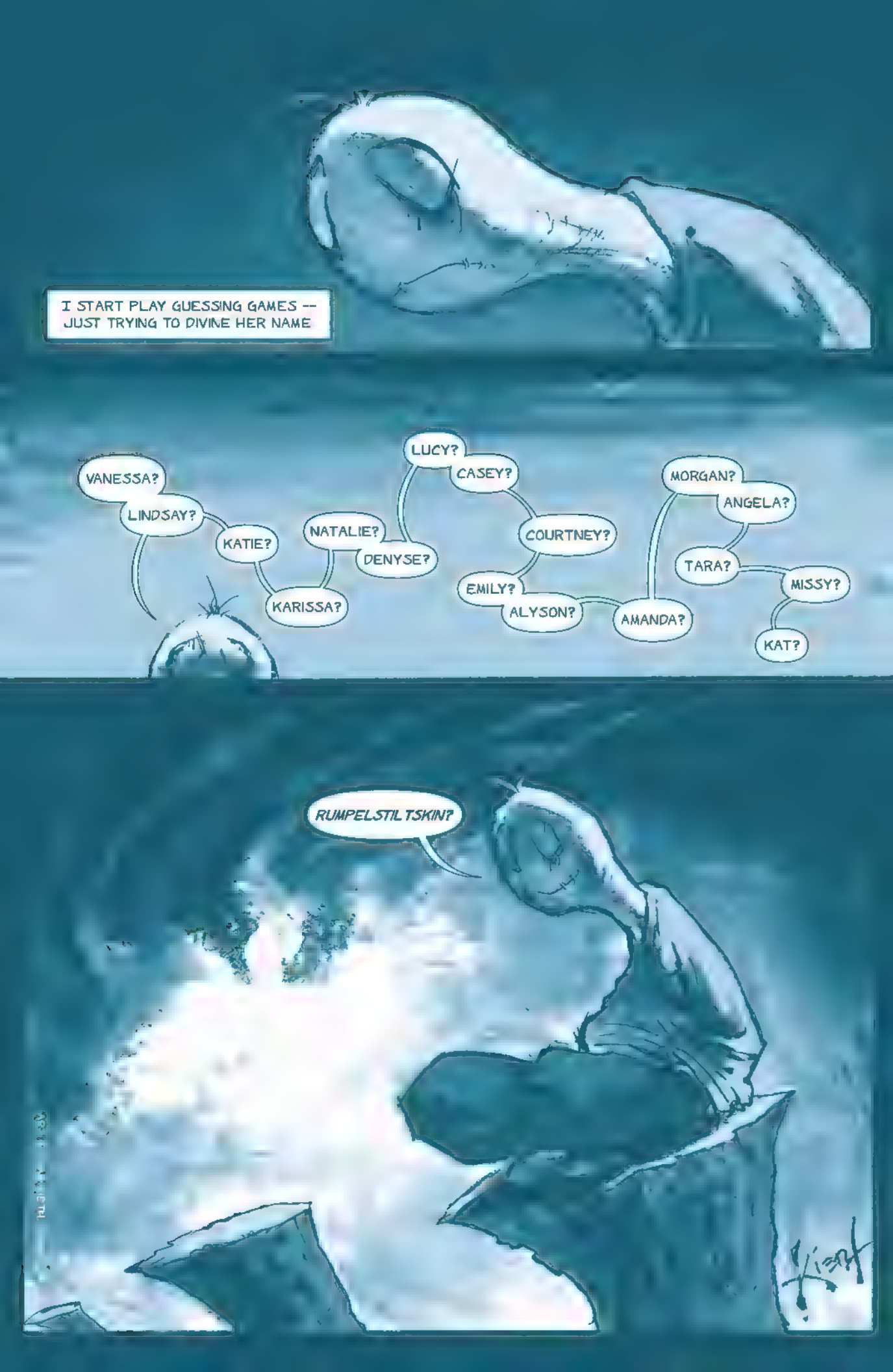
KNOCK! KNOCK!
TRICK OR TREAT!
HAPPY HALLOWEEN!
ART BY CHRIS FENOGLIO. 2008

OBAMA
PLEASE HAVE YOUR VOTER'S REGISTRATION AND I.D READY AS YOU REACH THE FRONT OF THE LINE.

I VOTED!
HEY, DREW
HEY
I SEE YOU VOTED, TOO.
OH THIS?
DON'T YOU KNOW, I ONLY VOTE FOR THE STICKERS?
HAHA, YEAH!
MAN, IF ONLY THEY HAD LOLLIPOPS...
I'D HAVE TO VOTE HARDER!
I VOTE
ART © JUSTIN HEM 2008

CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!
AMARILL
COMMU
COLLE
NICE OF YOU TO FINALLY JOIN US
ART BY CHRIS FENOGLIO, 2008

CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!
CRAP!


I START PLAY GUESSING GAMES -- JUST TRYING TO DIVINE HER NAME
VANESSA?
LINDSAY?
KATIE?
KARISSA?
NATALIE?
DENYSE?
LUCY?
CASEY?
COURTNEY?
EMILY?
ALYSON?
AMANDA?
MORGAN?
ANGELA?
TARA?
MISSY?
KAT?
RUMPELSTILTSKIN?

IS THAT A ZINE?

IT'S A MINICOMIC.
I GUESS IT'S KINDA LIKE A ZINE.
COOL!
I LOVE ZINES
I WANT TO START MY OWN SOMEDAY, BUT I CAN NEVER GET ANY OF MY FRIENDS INTERESTED IN HELPING.
DID YOU MAKE IT?
NO
OH, HEY
I'M JANINE, BY THE WAY.

YES,
THIS IS HOW I WANT TO FEEL.
MIDNIGHT
TUESDAY NIGHT
WALKING THROUGH THE PARK
AN OTIS REDDING SONG
-- STUCK IN MY HEAD --
SCORES THE TRACE OF YOU
ON MY MEMORY
A. T. NA GRACE, 2008

TREE
ISTMAS
TREE

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS POETRY CLASS WE'RE TAKING?
AND WHAT'S WITH ALL THE FORTY-SOMETHINGS? I WAS HOPING TO MEET MORE PEOPLE OUR AGE.
IT'S OKAY.
I JUST WISH WE'D SPEND SOME TIME ACTUALLY WRITING.
ALL THIS TALKING ABOUT RULES IS KINDA ANNOYING
I GUESS IT'S JUST YOU AND ME.
ART BY CHRIS FENOGLIO, 2009

HEY, DO YOU HAVE A PEN?
YEAH.
MY ROOMATE AND I ARE HAVING A PARTY ON SATURDAY
IT'D BE GREAT IF YOU STOPPED BY

AS I REACH MY HOUSE, I DECIDE TO KEEP WALKING.
IT WILL STILL SMELL OF THIS MORNING'S CURRY.
EMPTY, SAVE TRASH AND POSSESIONS.
I'M KEEPING TONIGHT
ART BY MIKE GRACE 2006

1313
Mockingbird
Lane

100
MILK
WE'VE GOT COMPANY, BLUE BEETLE!

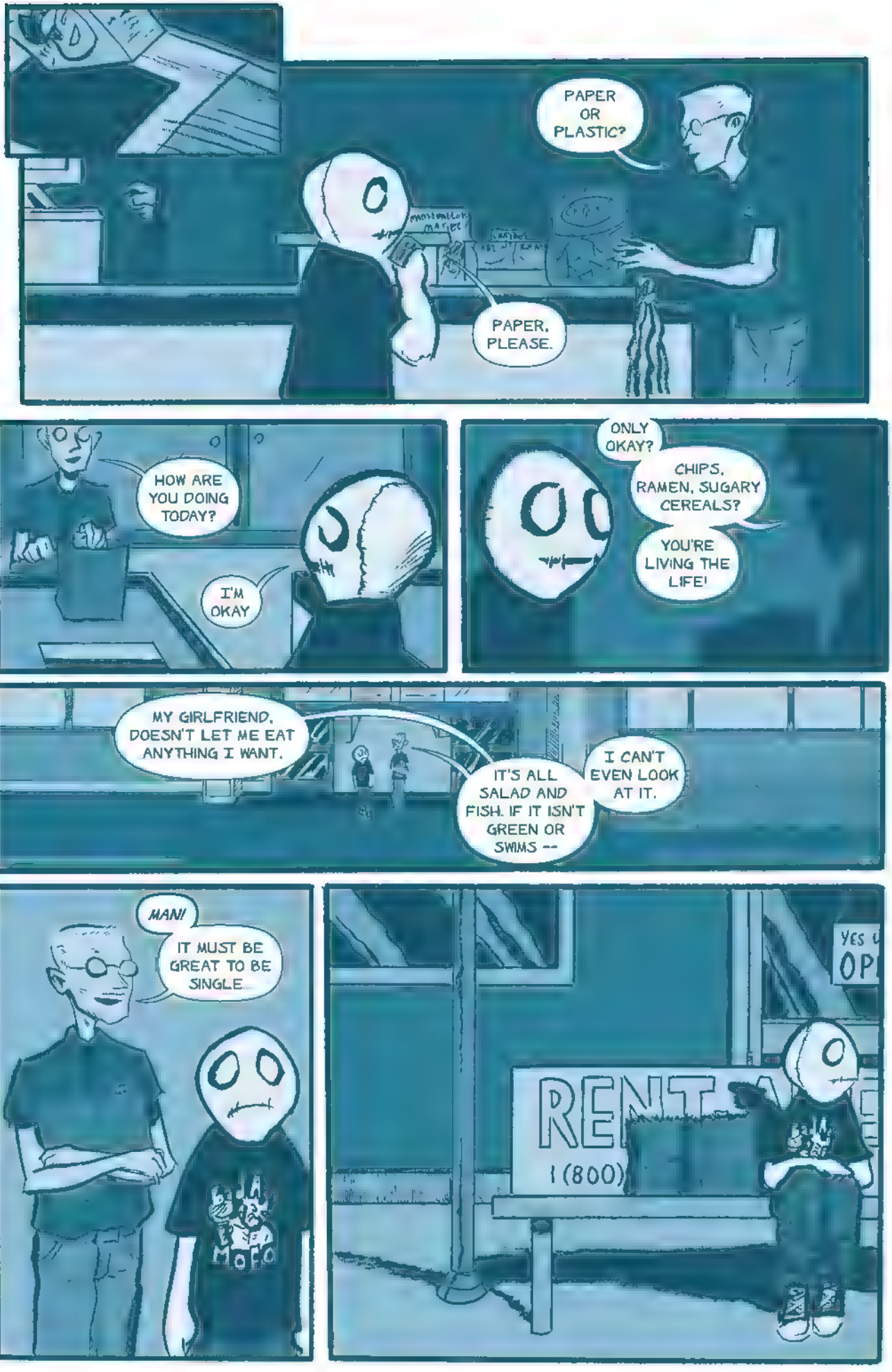
I WATCH DOGS TRAVEL IN MISMATCHED PACKS LIKE CARTOONS. AND THE CAT ACROSS THE STREET IS INDIFFERENT TO US ALL, RAISING ITS HEAD FROM THE GRASS TO LOOK AT ME, BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT
AND THE NIGHT SMELLS WONDERFUL. I'M LOST LOOKING FOR A GIRL'S HOUSE
ART BY ZACH TROVER, 2009

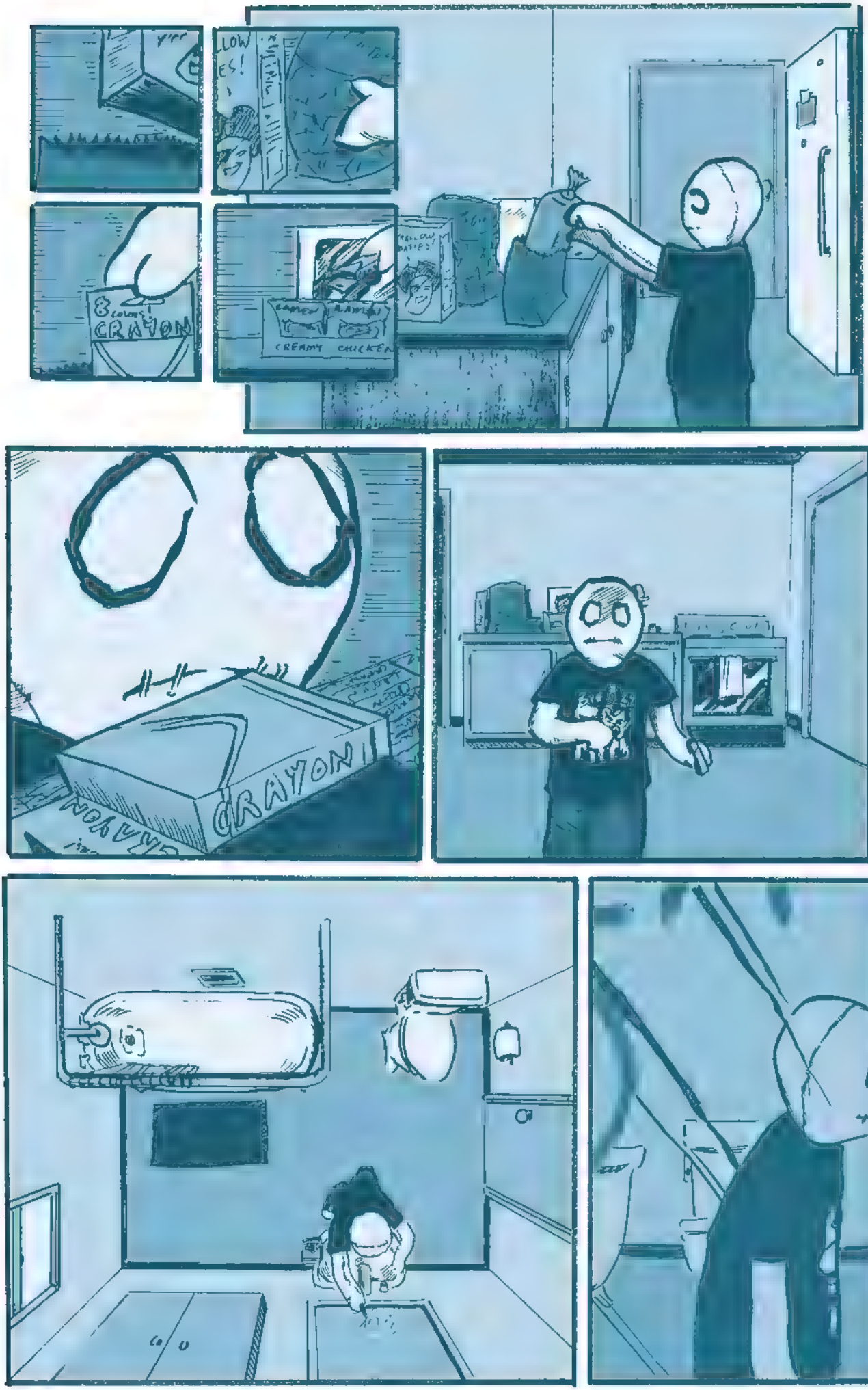
HEY

SORRY, I MISSED THE PARTY
I COULDN'T FIND YOUR HOUSE
YOU DIDN'T MISS MUCH -- YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO COULDN'T FIND IT
AH.
THAT STINKS.
IT'S OUR FAULT, REALLY.
GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE TOLD PEOPLE THAT IT IS BEHIND 1311.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.
SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, OKAY?
YEAH
HAVE FUN.

11:30
BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
BEEP! BEEP!
11:30
CLICK!
11:30

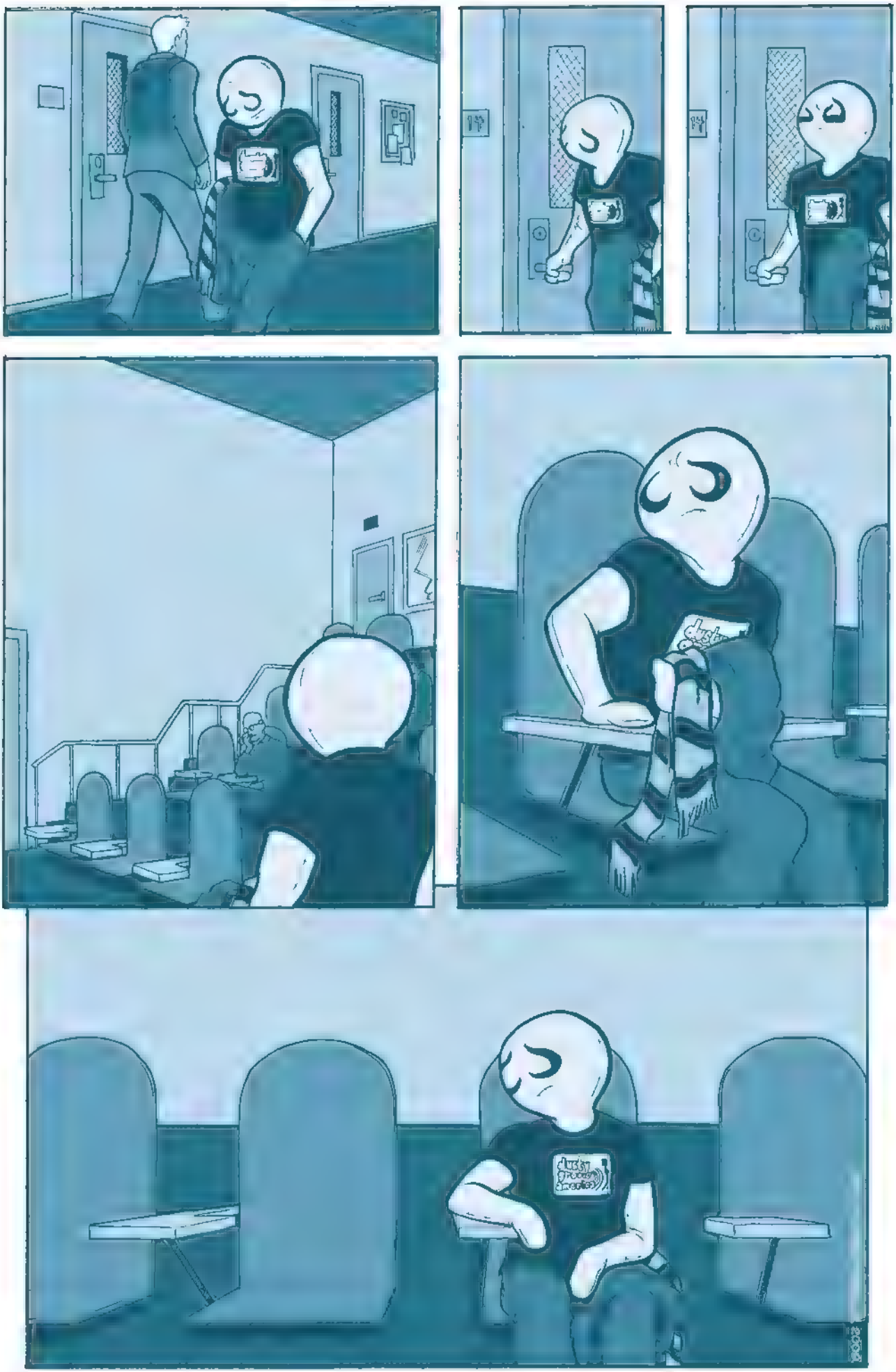
SO MANY CHIPS
CHIPS


PAPER OR PLASTIC?
PAPER, PLEASE.
HOW ARE YOU DOING TODAY?
I'M OKAY
ONLY OKAY?
CHIPS, RAMEN, SUGARY CEREALS?
YOU'RE LIVING THE LIFE!
MY GIRLFRIEND, DOESN'T LET ME EAT ANYTHING I WANT.
IT'S ALL SALAD AND FISH. IF IT ISN'T GREEN OR SWIMS --
I CAN'T EVEN LOOK AT IT.
MAN!
IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE SINGLE
RENT
1(800)


8 colors!
CRAYON
CREAMY CHICKEN
CRAYON!

dusty groove AMERICA
Rustle! Rustle! ADJUST!
FWOOOSH!
ASK HER OUT!

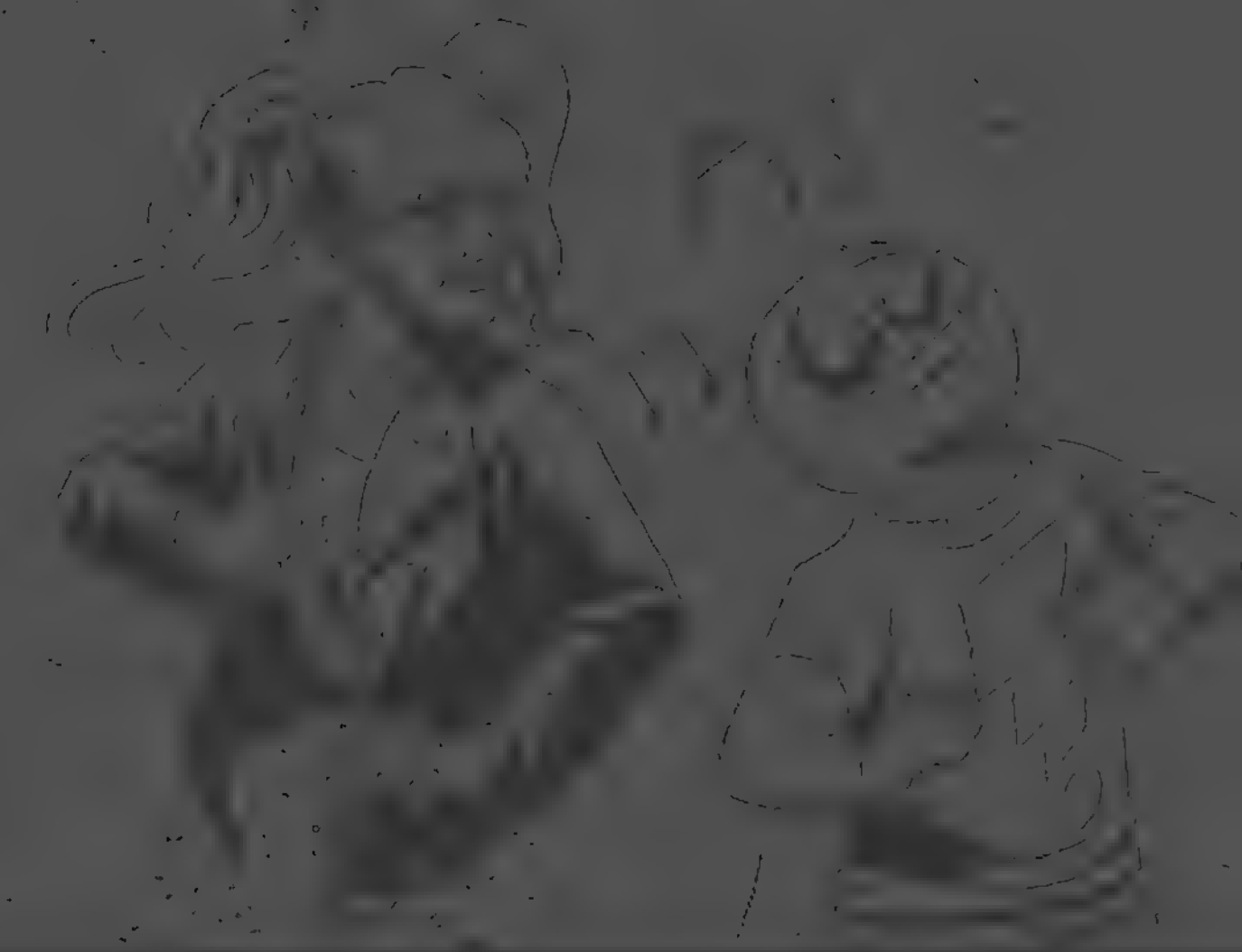
62
owners
GOODbye
SALE
and
SALE!
ACID MOTHER
art



ASK HER OUT!
ASK HER OUT!
ART BY JIM VALENTINO 2009
VALENTINO
4-9

ART BY ZACH TROVER, 2009.

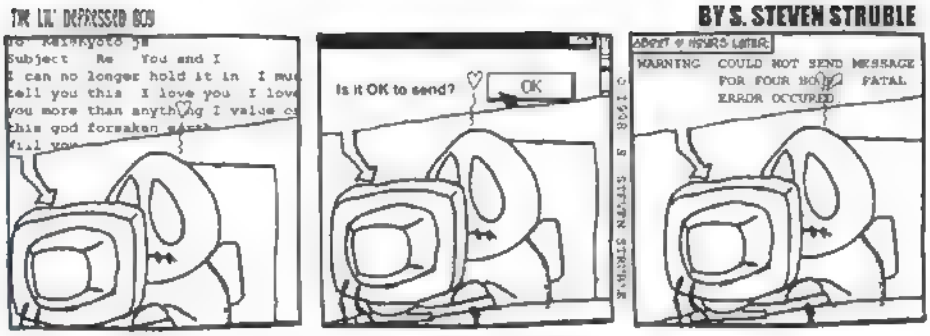
I WIPE UP DUST FROM ISRAEL WITH A CLOTH IN MY LIVING ROOM IN WEST TEXAS
IT TRAVELS SO FAR TO END UP NEXT TO FAST FOOD IN MY TRASH
ART BY SHEA GRACE, 2009.

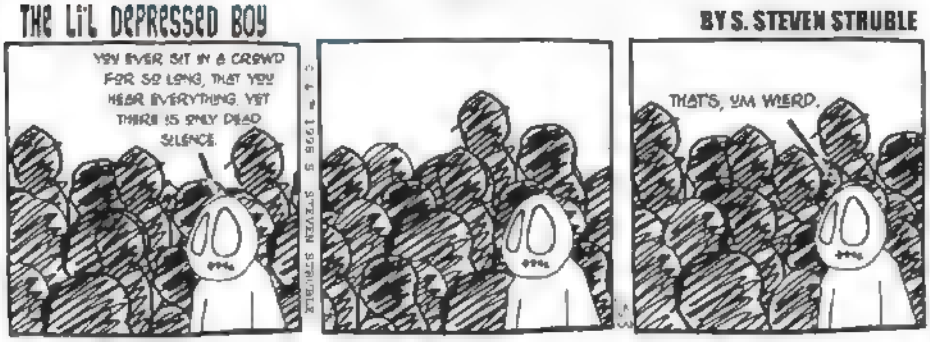


"OLD PANDA DAYS"

SKETCHES, PIN-UPS, & LOVE NOTES

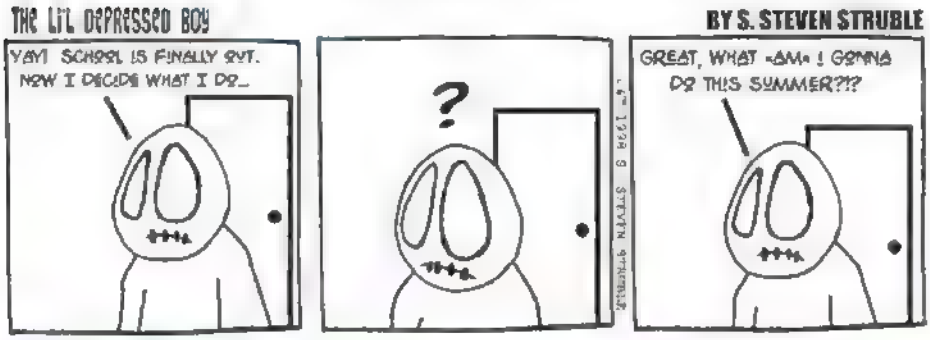
THE FIRST LI'L DEPRESSED BOY WEBCOMIC FROM THE SUMMER 1998.


THE LIL' DEPRESSED BOY
BY S. STEVEN STRUBLE
Subject Re You and I
I can no longer hold it in I
tell you this I love you I
you more than anyth
this god forsaken
Is it OK to send?
OK
ABOUT 6 HOURS LATER:
WARNING COULD NOT SEND MESSAGE FOR FOUR BOYS FATAL ERROR OCCURED


THE LIL DEPRESSED BOY
BY S. STEVEN STRUBLE
YOU EVER SIT IN A CROWD FOR SO LONG, THAT YOU HEAR EVERYTHING. YET THERE IS ONLY DEAD SILENCE.
THAT'S, UM WEIRD.

THESE EARLY STRIPS FOCUSED MORE ON HUMOUR

THE LIL DEPRESSED BOY
BY S. STEVEN STRUBLE
LISA WUZ HERE
LISA SHOULD SPEND MORE TIME INSIDE THE SCHOOL & LESS TIME WRITING ON IT...
LISA WUZ HERE
THE MORE YOU KNOW

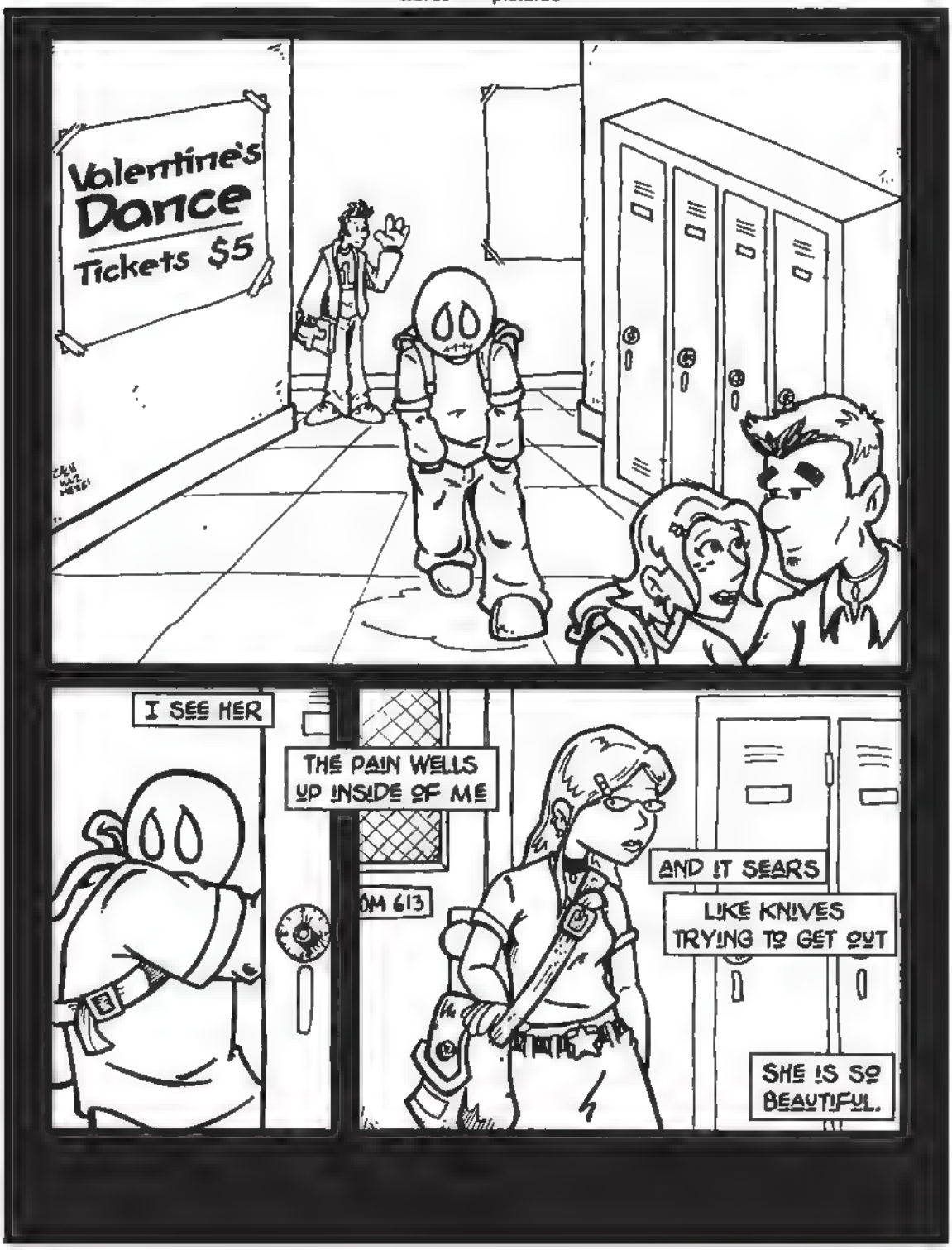

THE LIL DEPRESSED BOY
BY S. STEVEN STRUBLE
YAY! SCHOOL IS FINALLY OVT. NOW I DECIDE WHAT I DO...
?
GREAT, WHAT AM I GONNA DO THIS SUMMER???

UNFUNNY ATTEMPTS AT HUMOUR.

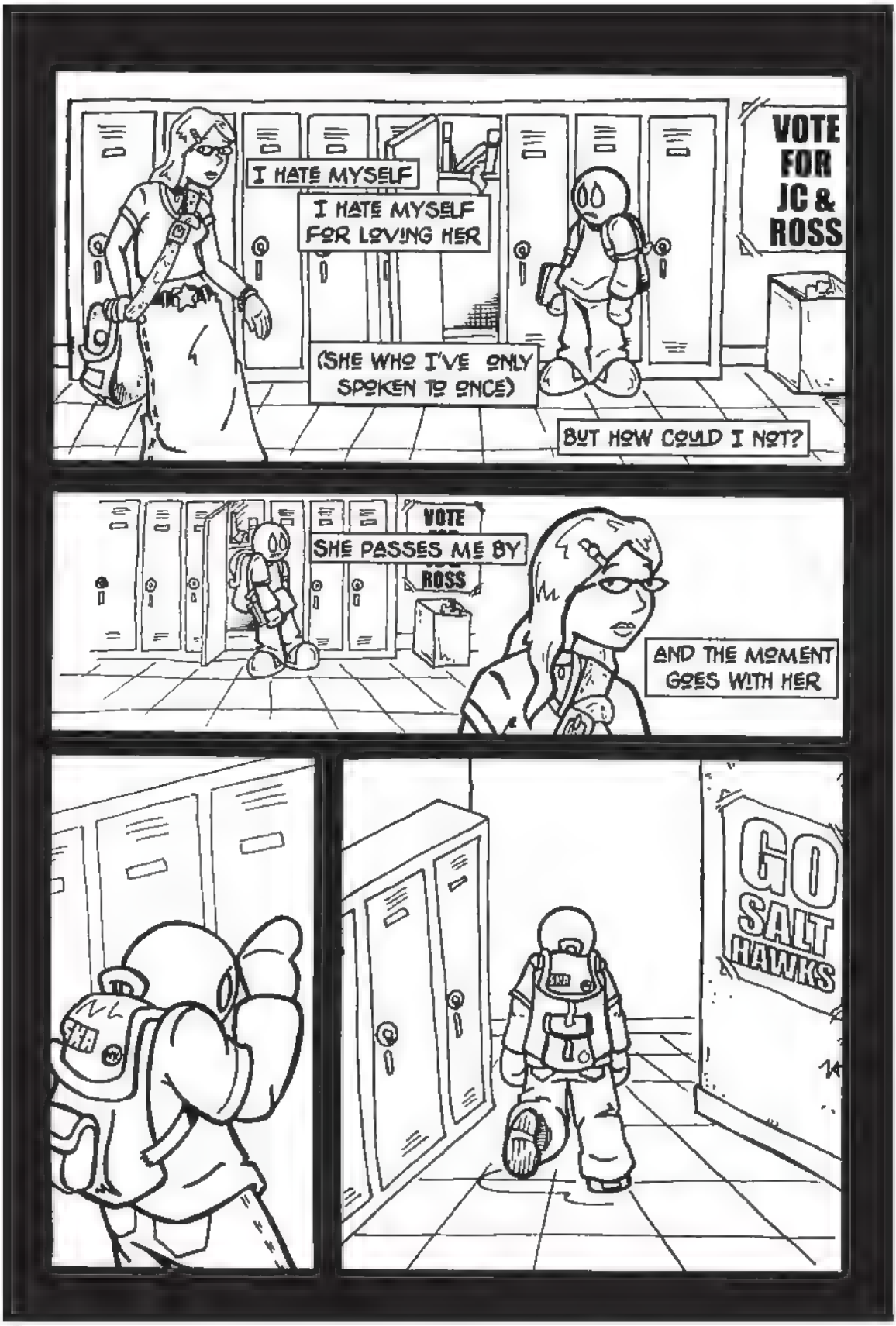
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN UNITED FRONT MINI-COMIC NUMBER ONE.

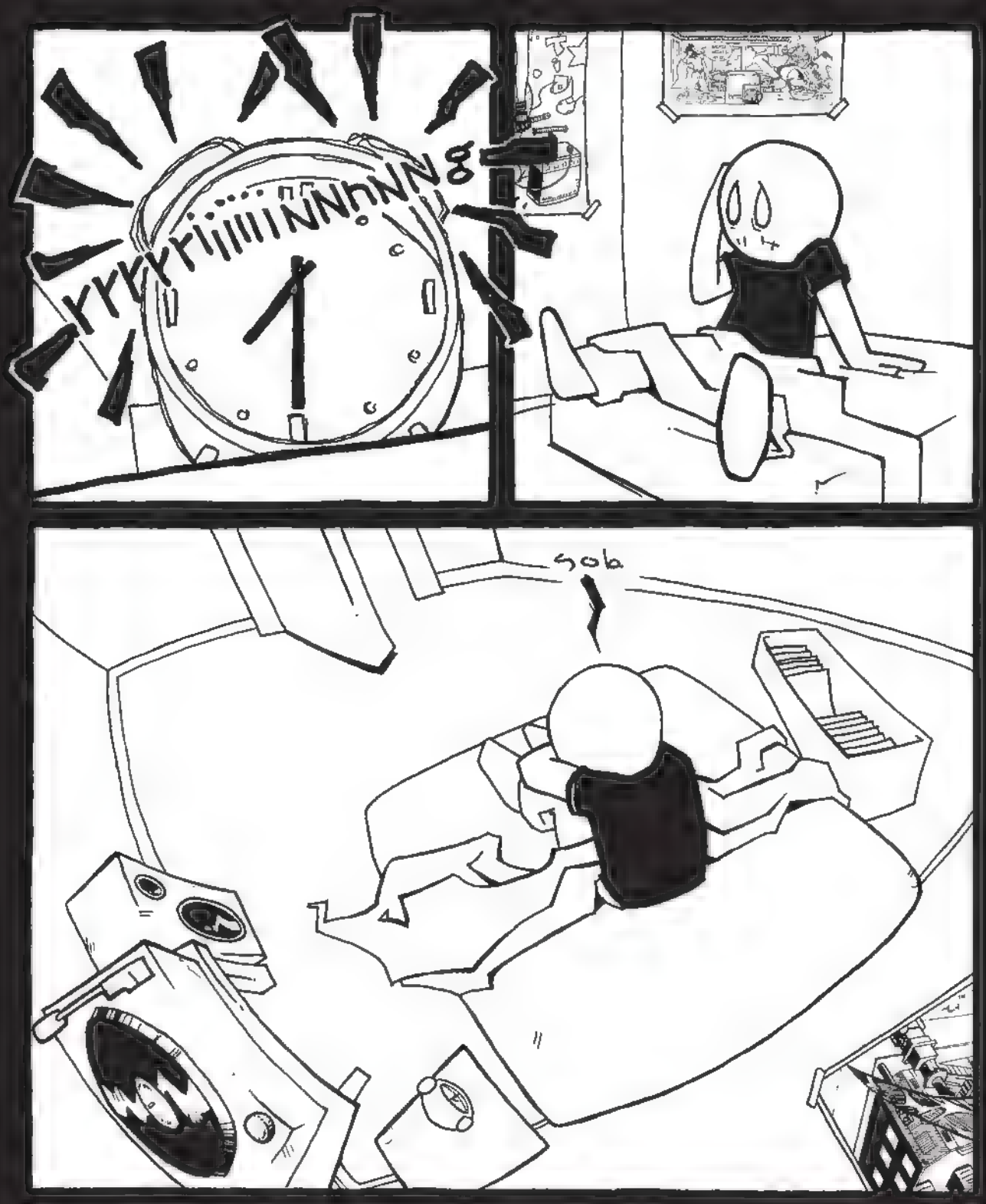
THE-LI'L-DEPRESSED-BOY

s. steven struble words
zachary le trover pictures



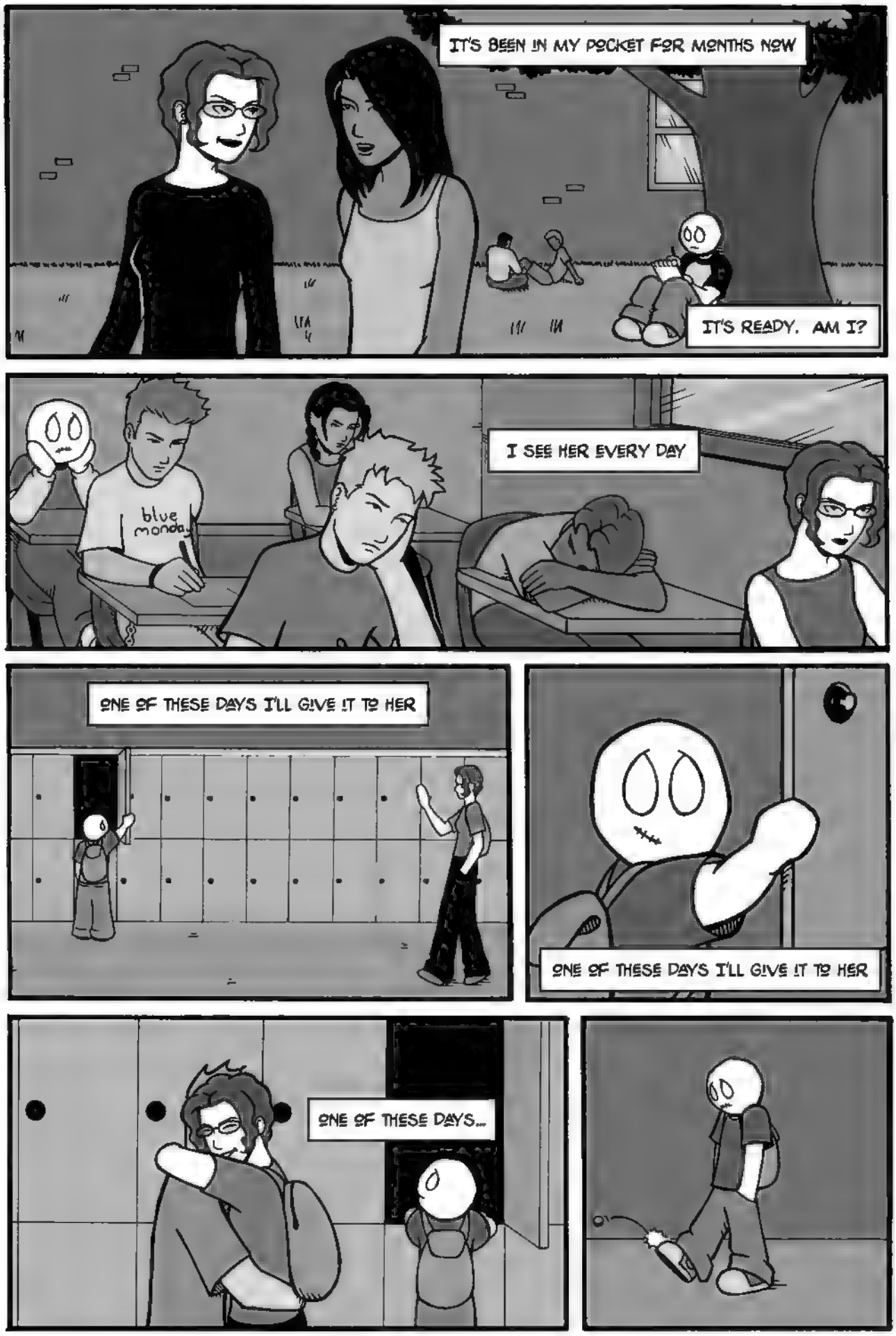
THESE FIRST COUPLE LDB STORIES TOOK PLACE IN A HIGH SCHOOL SETTING


I HATE MYSELF
I HATE MYSELF FOR LOVING HER
(SHE WHO I'VE ONLY SPOKEN TO ONCE)
BUT HOW COULD I NOT?
VOTE FOR JC & ROSS
SHE PASSES ME BY
VOTE ROSS
AND THE MOMENT GOES WITH HER
GO SALT HAWKS

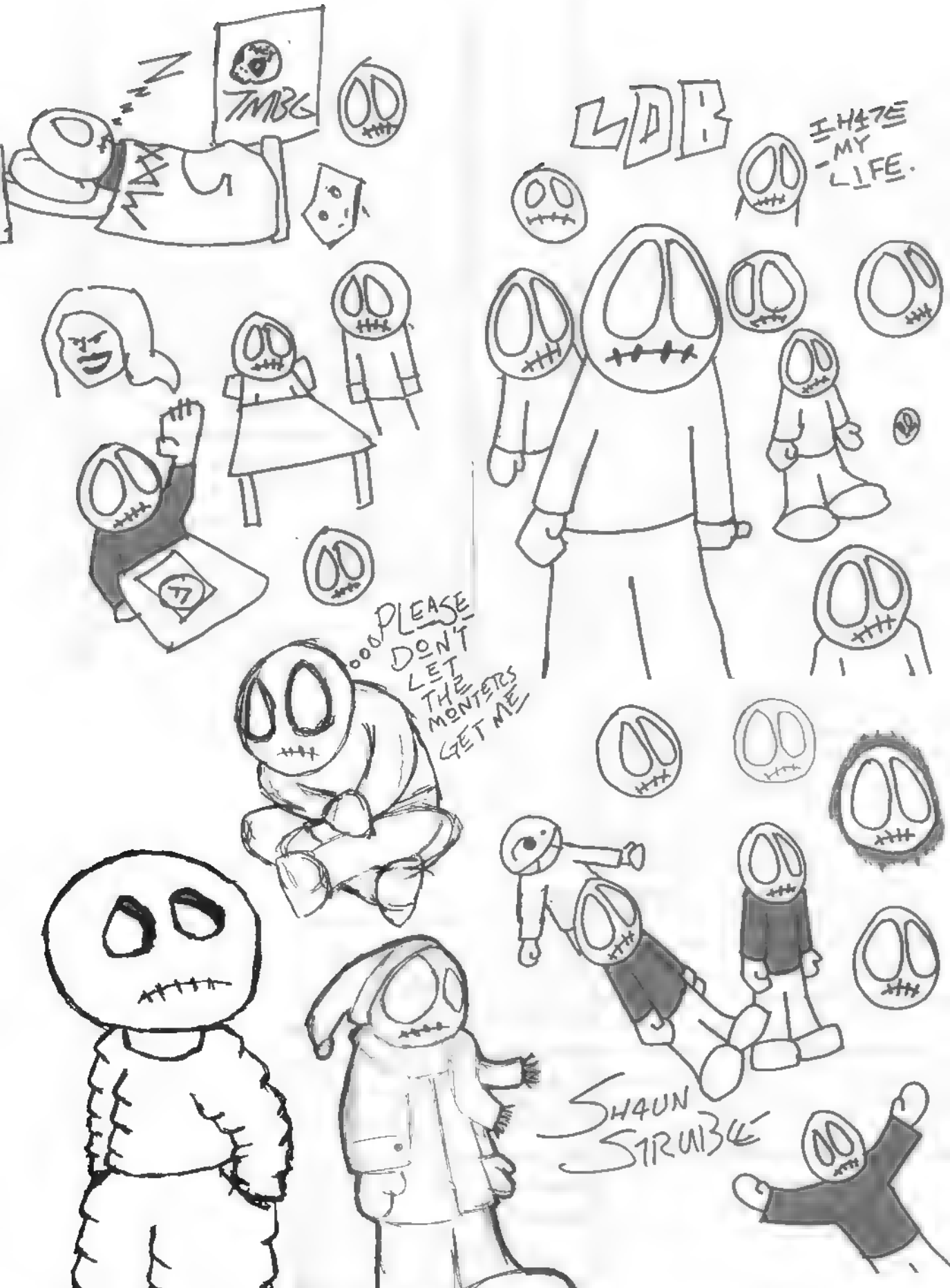


EVAN DILEO, 2001.

I've written her a poem
(actually one of several)
THE-LI'L-DEPRESSED-BOY
s. steven struble
words
jamie mckelvie
pictures
A confession of love
folded tightly
placed in my pocket
waiting for the courage to give to her
JAMIE MCKELVIE, 2002


IT'S BEEN IN MY POCKET FOR MONTHS NOW
IT'S READY. AM I?
I SEE HER EVERY DAY
blue monday
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GIVE IT TO HER
ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL GIVE IT TO HER
ONE OF THESE DAYS...

LAST RIDE OUT
FULL BLOWN KIRK
GO REAL SLOW
VOODOO ORGANIST
SATORI IN PARIS
POLITICAL
AN EARLY ATTEMPT AT THE BLUE-TONE COLORING STYLE USED IN TH.S BOOK.
IN THE END THIS STYLE WAS DEEMED TOO MOODY.



HIGHSCHOOL-ERA DOODLES OF LDB.

1. (maybe after 3) LDB rides the bus trying not to watch the other riders.

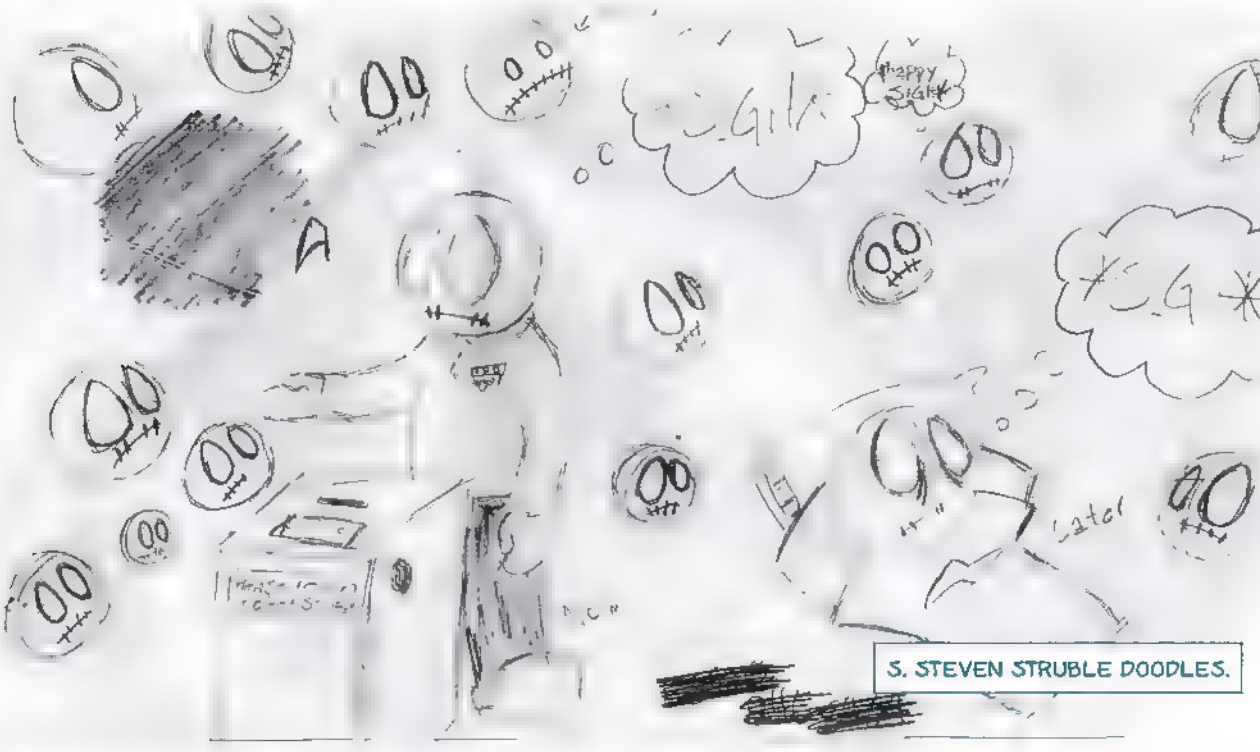
2. LDB Grocery shops.

3. At checkout — talks to kid

WE CAN DO THIS!

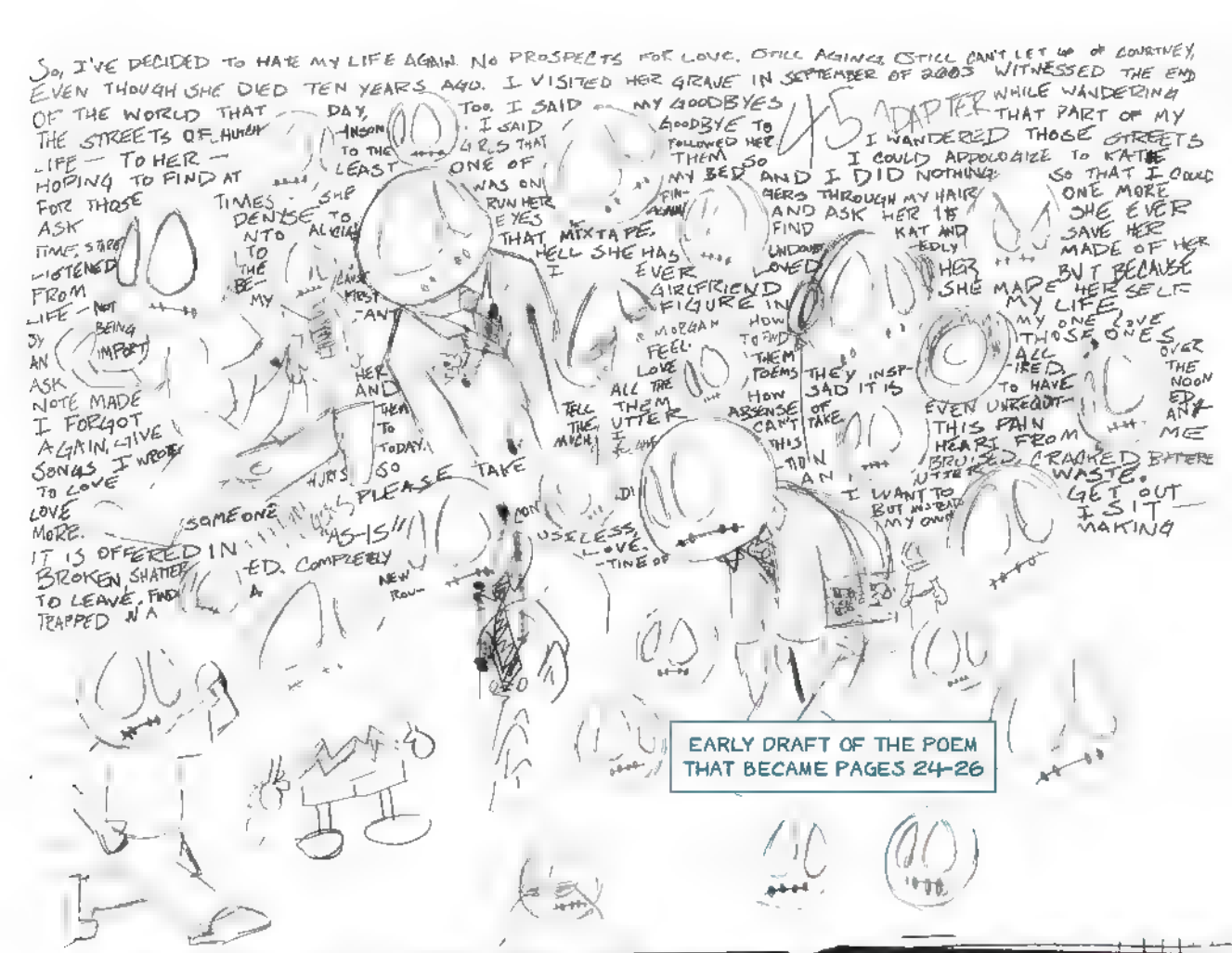
24hrs?

buys Crayons gets none ASKS HER out



5. STEVEN STRUBLE DOODLES.

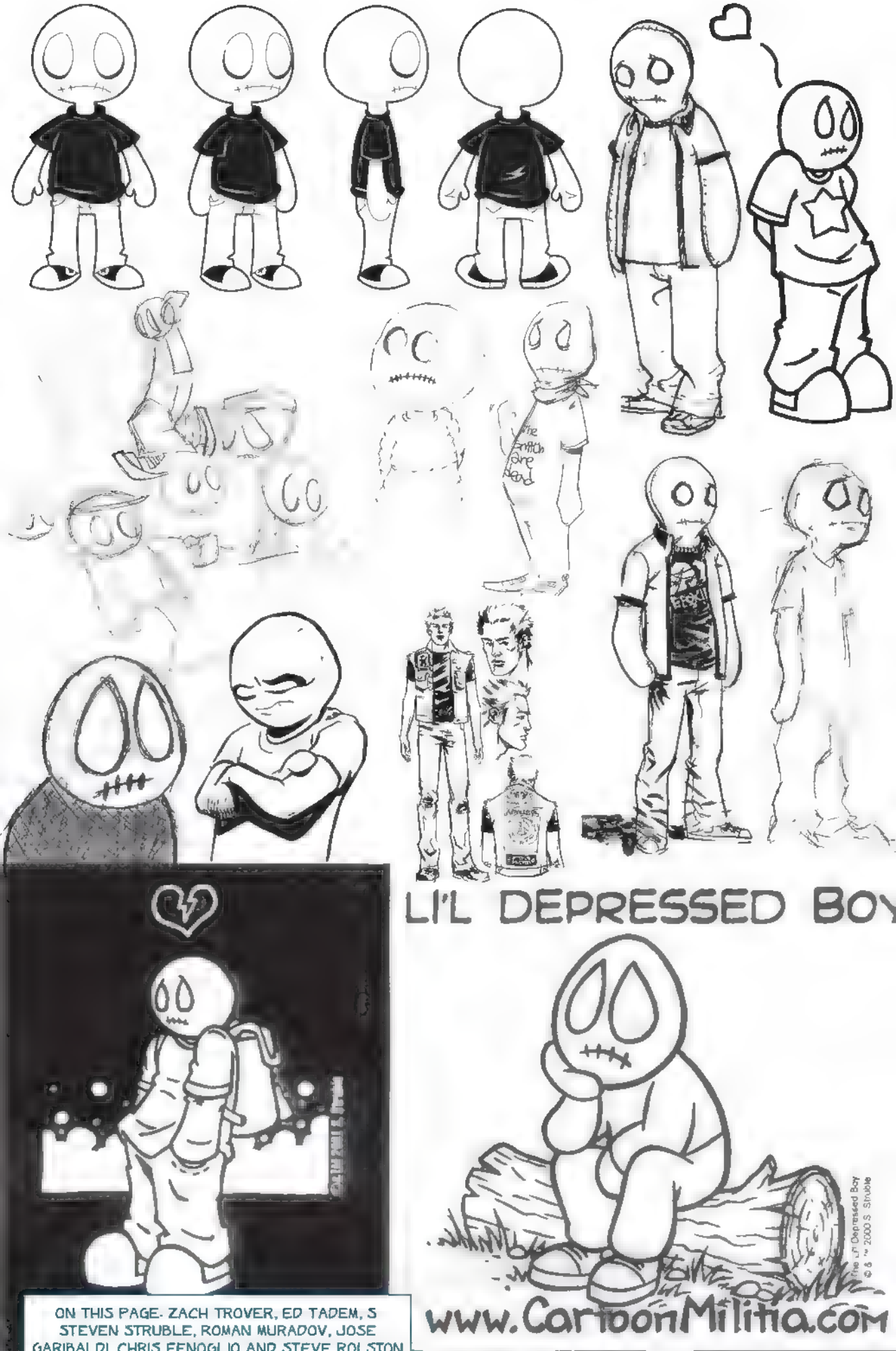
ON THIS PAGE ZACH TROVER AND S. STEVEN STRUBLE



EARLY DRAFT OF THE POEM THAT BECAME PAGES 24-26

CHRIS FENOGLIO

SINA GRACE.



ON THIS PAGE- ZACH TROVER, ED TADEM, S STEVEN STRUBLE, ROMAN MURADOV, JOSE GARIBALDI, CHRIS FENOGLIO AND STEVE ROLSTON

LINDSAY JANE

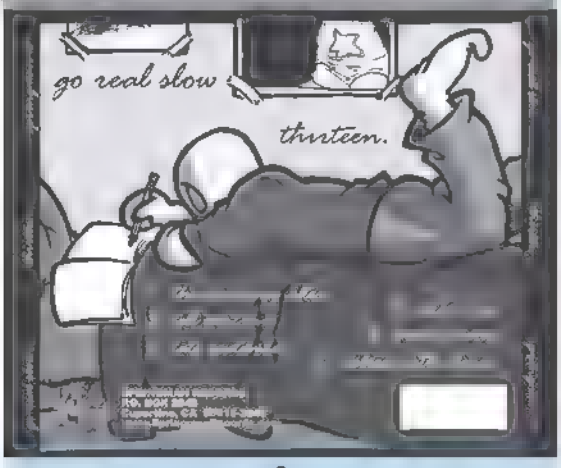
=Z= Happy Holidays 2009

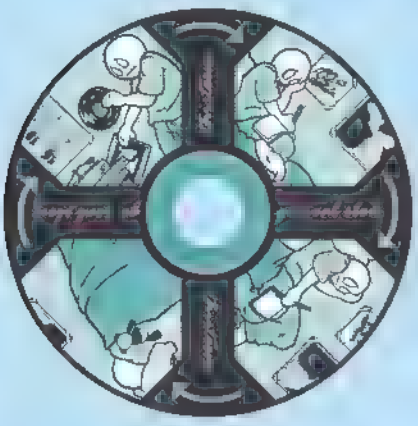
I QUIT
ON THIS PAGE: S. STEVEN STRUBLE, ED TADEM AND CHRIS FENOGLIO

ON THIS PAGE: ZACH TROVER, LINDSAY JANE, SINA GRACE AND CHRIS FENOGLIO

DEPRESSEDBOY.COM THE L'IL DEPRESSED BOY ©™ 2009 STEVEN STRUBLE

go real slow
thirteen.


go real slow
thirteen.



THE LAST PAGE TO BE BLUETONED.

ON THIS PAGE: ZACH TROVER,
SINA GRACE AND CHRIS FENOGLIO

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Sketchbook

ABOUT S. STEVEN STRUBLE

S. Steven Struble moved to Amarillo, TX to write comic books. Surprisingly, this plan actually worked out! In his spare time he also colors other people's comics and competes on the poetry slam circuit.

Badlizz
REMOVE!

HUMOR/ROMANCE

Before disastrous road trips. Before style-points. Before Jazmin. Join the Li'l Depressed Boy as he takes his first steps on his search for love.

Told in shades of blue with artwork by SINA GRACE, ED TADEM, JOSE GARIBALDI, LINDSAY JANE, TEM, CHRIS FENOGLIO, ZACHARY TROVER, KRIS STRUBLE, JIM MAHFOOD, SCOTT MORSE, KANILA TRIPP, ROMAN MURADOV, JUSTIN STEWART, SAM KIETH, JIM VALENTINO, and EVAN DILEO.

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